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OVER BLAZED TRAILS

CLARK



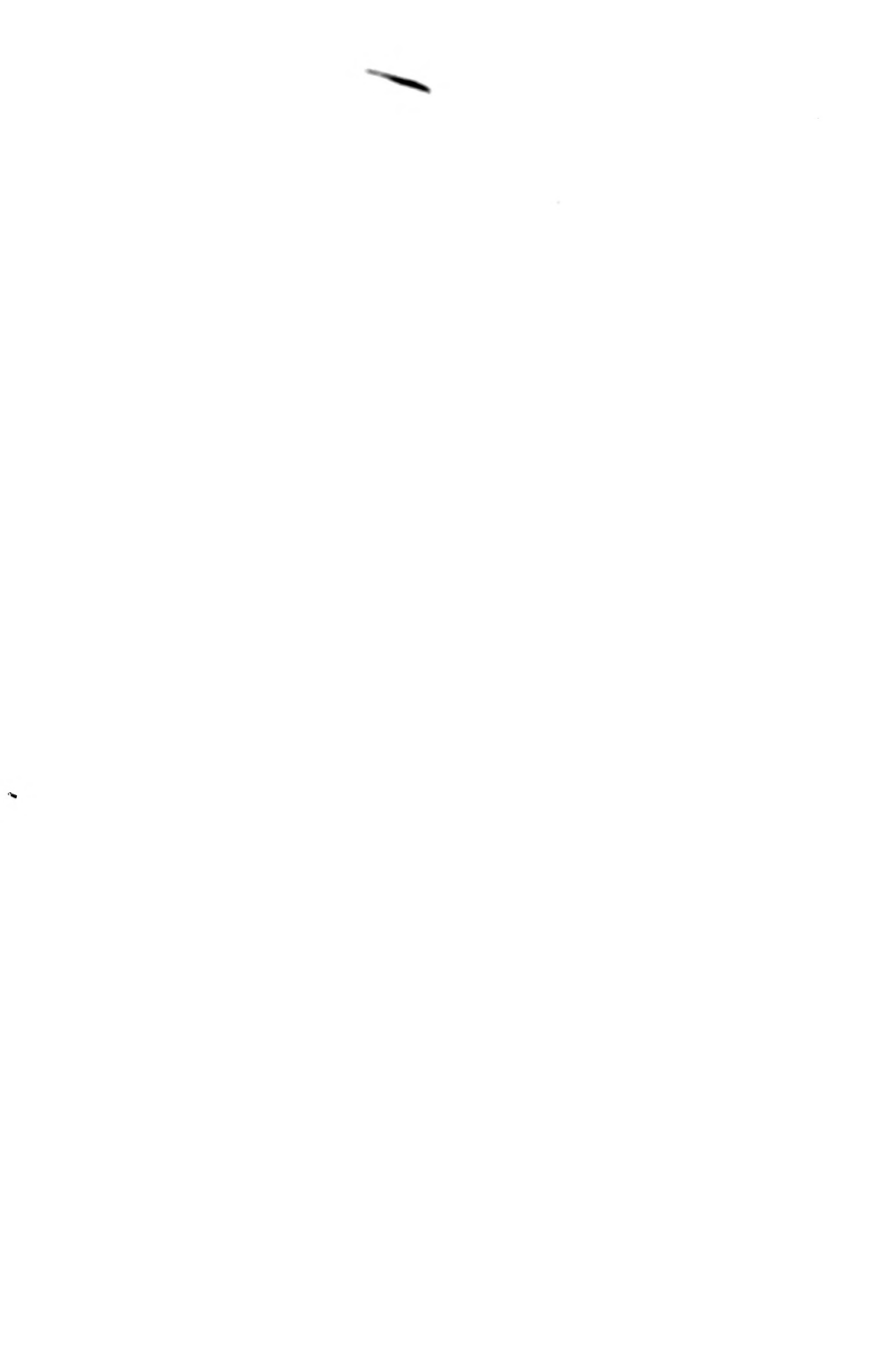
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OVER BLAZED TRAILS



OVER
BLAZED TRAILS

AND
COUNTRY HIGHWAYS

**THE STORY OF A MIDSUMMER
JOURNEY**

By
FRANK H. CLARK

Lisle, N. Y.
1919

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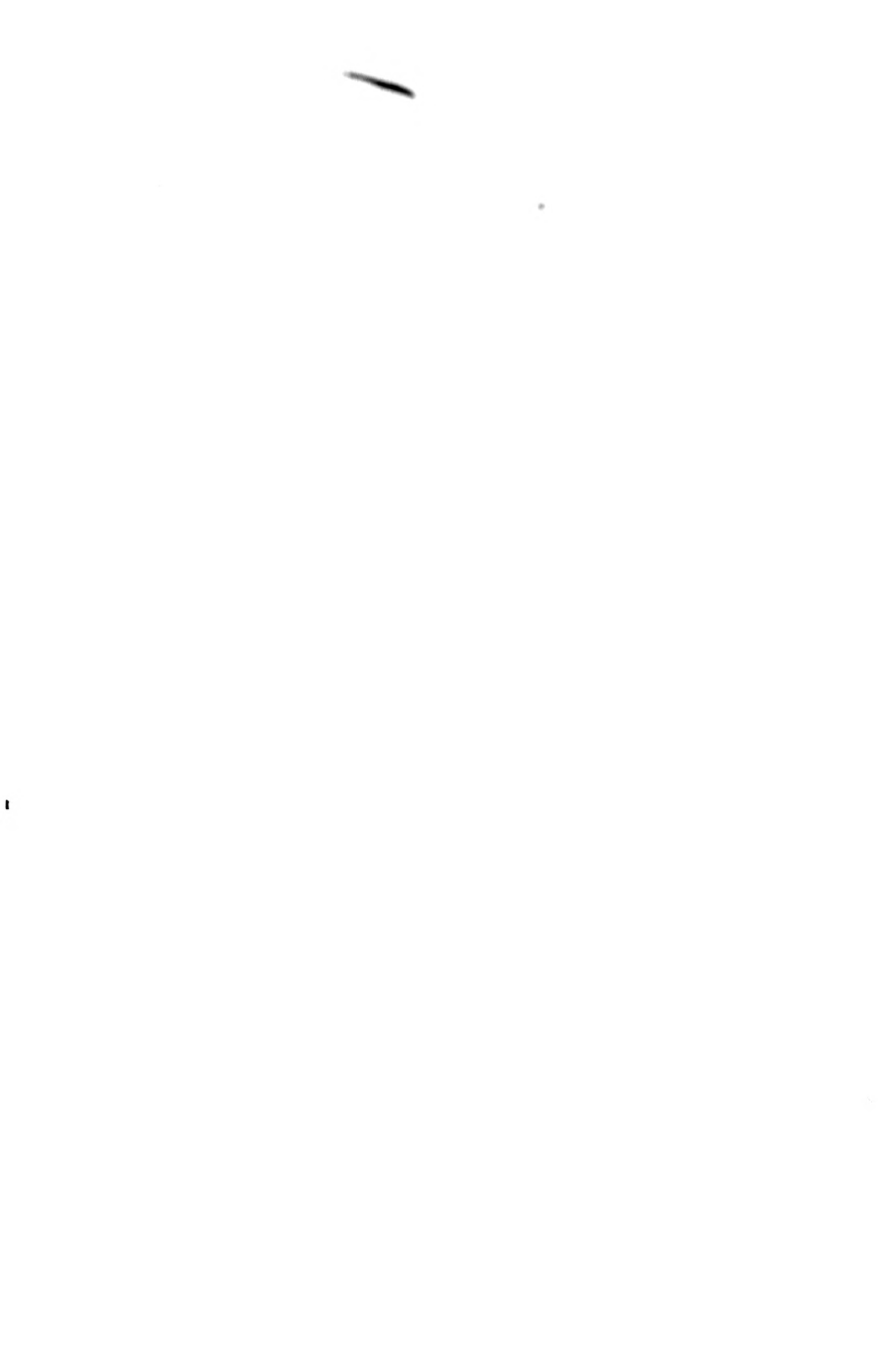
To "H. H."
Are Inscribed
These "Observations" by
The "Observer,"

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WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

When you were a boy, did you live near a lake, or a river, or a mill-pond, or a swimming hole, big enough to float a boat, or a raft, or a plank, or a log? And didn't you buy, build or improvise some sort of a floating craft with which to navigate immediate and communicating waters? And when you explored the islands and mainland you had discovered, didn't your fancy populate them with strange people, principally Indians, with a sprinkling of cannibals, and pirates, and things?

And when you tired of the water, didn't you fall back on good old terra firma, and answer to the call of the hills and their woodlands? Of course you did; and you made a bow and some arrows and robbed the old roos-

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ter of a few of his tail feathers for your war bonnet, and then rushed off to the rendezvous in the woods to play Indian.

There, in imagination, the moss covered mounds with their scarlet flames of squawberries and winter-green, were Indian graves, marking the entrance to the "happy hunting grounds," of numerous noble red men who once called this land their own—and all that. And you built wickiups there, or went over to the pines and arranged more elaborate apartments by utilizing the enclosures already brown-carpeted with fallen pine needles, and set off by closely standing young pine trees.

Perhaps you made your armament a little more realistic by driving a nail into the head of your arrow and filing it off to a sharp point so, if the arrow should hit the target, it would stick there and quiver, indisputable evidence of your marksmanship.

If it did so happen that your hit was registered on the chin of one of your playfellows, it would stick and quiver just the same, and, when removed, would leave a scar which that boy would carry all through his years to come. And yet, you may be sure

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that, in later years, whenever the mirror, or another's inquisitive eye, centered his thought upon that little scar, a smile would break upon his lips and brighten his eyes as he recalled the old millpond and its strange craft, the wooded hill and the moss covered mounds, the wickiups and the pines.

Men and women are just boys and girls grown older. Someone has said, "grown up," but they don't all grow that way. If they retain the best that was in them to begin with, and do "grow up," the joy of life will be no empty phrase, and disappointments will not be overshadowing and bitter.

It is human nature and it sticks; on this half of the world at least boys, grown men, are lured by the far mysteries of the pulsing tide, or the strange whisperings of the forest primeval and trackless plains. And so, in the serious adventures of life, they have ever gone down to the sea in ships or followed the aborigines into the sunset.

THE FRONTIER

Just using round numbers for the ease of it, in fixing the idea—300 years ago when our Pilgrim fathers ran their small boats up on the Massa-

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Massachusetts sands and used Plymouth Rock physically, at least, as a stepping stone to higher things, the eastern boundary of the strange land they had come to marked, for them, the western frontier of that day.

Within a period of 150 years and before the American Revolution, the Pilgrims and other colonists had forced the frontier beyond the boundaries of the New England colonies; and their encroachments upon the domain of the American aborigines had become so persistent and comprehensive that the Indians had begun to voice discontent, and urge a determination, once for all, of a fixed line of demarcation between white and Indian territory.

A result of the Indian complaint was the conference at Fort Stanwix, (afterwards Fort Schuyler, and located within the present limits of the city of Rome, N. Y.), which framed the treaty known as the "Treaty of Fort Stanwix." That was 150 years ago—1768. The treaty fixed the frontier as between the colonies and the Six Nations, the Delawares and the Shawanese.

It is a matter of interest now to recall that boundary line which marked

THE FRONTIER

the western progress of the "star of empire" during the first 150 years. It began at a point on the Allegheny river above the present city of Pittsburgh, Pa., and ran northeasterly across Pennsylvania to the head waters of Towanda creek, which stream it followed to the Susquehanna and continued up that river to Oghwaga (Owego, N. Y.); thence it ran across to a point on the Delaware river below Hancock, and up that river to the present village of Deposit, Broome County, N. Y. Thence the line ran north, picking up the Susquehanna again at the mouth of the Unadilla, and continuing up the latter stream and its left branch to the head waters. North and west of this line was recognized as Indian territory. Incidentally, it may be remarked that, after the American revolution, a few years later, there was not a vestige of that line left.

One hundred years after Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall, representative of the Crown, in New York, and the governors and commissioners representing Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Virginia, concluded the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, the United States of America, through its commissioners, concluded a treaty with the chiefs and

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headmen of the various tribes of the Sioux Indians, at Fort Laramie—which was in Dakota at the commencement of the negotiations, but was in the newly organized Territory of Wyoming at the time of the final Indian signature to the treaty in November.

The Union Pacific rail road was being built at that time, and the primary object of the treaty was to eliminate Indian troubles from the mass of engineering and other difficulties which were to be reckoned with in that great undertaking. In the accomplishment of this object, the aborigines were pressed yet farther back by advancing civilization.

That was in April-November, 1868—fifty years ago. And where is the frontier now? It is not. The pressure of civilization, in 150 years, carried the frontier out of the New England colonies into mid-New York and Pennsylvania. Another 100 years carried the line two-thirds of the way across the continent; and within the past fifty years it has vanished in thin air.

OUR REMOTE GRANDSIRE

Three hundred years are not so much in world history, not so very much measured in generations; but

OUR REMOTE GRANDSIRE

they are sufficient, however, to make one's ancestral grandparents so many times great, that the family relationship becomes a mere tabulated statement of almost impersonal facts.

When the time is cut down to 150 years it has become altogether a different proposition. Personal recollections of one's grandfather's grandfather are possible then if one's grandfather was possessed of sufficient longevity and a good memory. Under such circumstances the grandsire of 150 years ago, despite his several degrees of remoteness, may seem to warm up a little, and his story may take on the saving garb of human interest.

A century and a half ago a grandfather of a grandfather of the two men who are to shift the scenes and the stage settings for the story which is to follow, had already served with the colonial troops in the French and Indian war and the siege of Quebec, and in the expedition against Cuba and the siege of Havana, in the war against Spain; and he had returned to his fields and family, in western Connecticut, and engaged himself in the quiet pursuits of peace.

The lure of the frontier became

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

compelling after a few quiet years; and the last Indian totem had hardly been traced, signatory to the Treaty of Stanwix, when this young Connecticut soldier, turned farmer, had associated himself with others under the spell of the lure, and entered upon the fateful plains of Wyoming, in the beautiful Valley of the Susquehanna. What followed is history.

HISTORY REPEATS

These two descendants of the Connecticut soldier were born and reared on lands watered by streams tributary to the Susquehanna, and as well on the Indian side of the frontier limits "once for all" fixed at Fort Stanwix. On reaching man's estate, they, too, felt, and yielded to, the compelling lure of the frontier; and, following that same "star of empire," sought out and found another and later Wyoming. It was but a little time—not much more than a decade—after the treaty of Fort Laramie, that these two had pitched their tents, so to speak, within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains and under the most wonderful of all blue skies, 250 years and 2,500 miles from Plymouth Rock.

It is a tradition of the village

HISTORY REPEATS

that no Lisle boy, who has bared his feet to the waters of Dudley creek and thoroughly burned his unprotected legs in the hot Summer sun while awading in that stream, can ever wander so far from the valley that sometime, a call does not rise up out of his submerged youth sufficiently strong to bring him back to the willows and alders, shading the banks of the rippling stream.

It so happened that our two young men who went into the ragged edge of civilization under the lure of the frontier, remained in the stately presence of the snow-crowned Rockies, beneath the azure vault which arches them over, until the shattered line of the aborigines' resistance broke against that granite escarpment wherein nature allied herself with the invaders; and the frontier became a theme of the old-timer's romance. And then they crossed over the backbone of the continent, and traveled down the western slope to where the melting snows of the mountains lose their soft, cool waters in the green waves of the western ocean.

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

FAR CALL OF DUDLEY

But a time came when, despite the influence of the silent mountains, the dignified stateliness of the giant redwoods and firs, many centuries old, and a setting sun painting an opalescent sea, they harkened back to the distant tinkling and musical murmuring of the waters of Dudley creek as they swirled and tumbled about the age-worn stones, around the exposed roots of the willows, and through the grass fringed pools.

And eventually they did yield to the call of youthful memories and returned to the old home town, if only to lean over the rail of the Cortland street bridge, under the wide sweeping boughs of the ancient willow tree, and look into the brown depths of the flashing waters there and listen for the dreams of other days.

And here and hereabout they still remain, having again picked up the tangled thread of life practically at the spot where their lives began. These two men, however, having harkened to the call of mountain and plain,

THE START

and to revisit the scenes of their western experiences, recently drove (in a modern way) over blazed trails and other ways, two-thirds the way across the continent and returned; and the experiences of the Pilot and the observations of the Observer on that journey make up the travel story which follows.

THE START.

There were three in the party—two who were to go through to Colorado and Wyoming; and one who wanted to go, but couldn't. All had been there before—many years ago—and were yielding again to the call of the mountains and plains, and reviving their recollection of experiences and adventures incident to those romantic years.

The night before, Howard Franklin had driven down in his "Franklin" car—so recently from the factory that it had but 190 miles to its credit when he arrived in Lisle. This was the car which was to carry the party through to the Rocky Mountains and return; and he was to drive it, thus becoming the "Pilot" of this story.

While the Pilot and Frank Clark, his fellow traveler, to be, were eating

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

their bacon and eggs by lamp light, preparatory to an early start, they were joined by Charlie Bliss of Killawog; and thus was the party complete for the first day out. Of course these were Lisle boys, more or less "grown up," and certainly grown older; not necessarily old boys, but for the time at least, just Lisle boys.

Special preparations for the trip were nil. The "Franklin" touring car, just as it was run out of the factory a few days before, eliminated the question of railroad transportation; and with that went sleeping and dining car troubles. Hotel accommodations and restaurants await the traveler along the way.

Wearing apparel and incidentals, in the usual traveling bags, extra wraps and lap robes, an extra bag of additional tools, a camera and a pair of thermos bottles, in a case, made up the luggage of the party. There was plenty room for this in the body of the car, between the front and rear seats.

The Pilot had provided a cover, made up of "top" material, fitted to the car, to snap on the curtain fasteners at the back and on the two sides as far front as the driver's seat, where

THE WATERING TROUGH

this cover could be fastened to the robe strap. When the luggage was loaded in the car, this cover, snapped and fastened in place, effectually protected the load and that part of the car from dust and rain, regardless of the position of the car top.

The Pilot took his place at the wheel. Charlie Bliss climbed in and settled down on the remaining portion of the front seat. Clark unsnapped the dust protector on one side, and found roomy comfort on the rear seat; then he placed his distance glasses on his nose and assumed the role of "Observer." Godspeeds and goodbyes were exchanged, the engine turned, and at 6:20 in the morning, Wednesday, August 24, 1918, the car rolled out onto Cortland street, its nose toward the Dudley creek bridge, and we were off for the long drive.

THE WATERING TROUGH

Crossing the bridge and turning westward on the "Dugway," we had to stop, of course, when we reached the spring and "watering trough," just beyond the village limits. It has been a familiar spot to about every resident in the town of Lisle in the past 50 or 75 years or more. Here we

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

filled our thermos bottles and drank to the success of the present adventure.

"Trough" seems to have been somewhat of a misnomer in a description of this watering place. Today there is a rather massive concrete basin or reservoir there, into which the water is conducted from the spring through an iron pipe. When we boys were youngsters, the "trough" was made from the half of one of the big hog-heads or casks in which raw hides were shipped to the tannery at Yorkshire. The water was conducted to this tub through a simple trough made of two boards nailed together. The overflow from the tub and spring, by flooding the road for the most part, found its way into the little trout brook that flowed through the field by the roadside to the mill-pond below.

DUDLEY'S MILLS

And then we passed Edwards' Mill where, in the continued possession of the same family and in present use, yet stands the only one remaining, of a dozen or fifteen sawmills utilizing water power along the water courses in the town of Lisle. All were once in active operation in the manufacture

THE YORKSHIRE OF OLD

of lumber from the hemlock forests that covered these hills. As it is, an auxiliary engine has been installed in this mill, for service when there is no "head" in the mill-pond; and this is much of the time, for old Dudley has ceased to be dependable in these latter days.

Just a little farther up the creek we passed through Manningville, once a very busy little community, with two sawmills, a planing mill and a woolen mill running to capacity in those busy timber-slashing times; and not a stick or stone remains in place to fix the sites of them.

From Manningville, it was only a matter of three or four minutes to roll into Yorkshire—Center Lisle in the P. O. directory. Its Yorkshire days were the days of its glory. There were sawmills, planing mills, a sash, blind and door factory, a carriage factory and a cabinet shop. Much fine, substantial, old furniture was made there then.

THE YORKSHIRE OF OLD

The principal asset was a great tannery, employing many men and boys, year in and out. Cask after cask of raw sheep skins were received in

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an almost daily procession, shipped from Australia, across two oceans to New York; transhipped by rail to Lisle, they were hauled to the tannery by teams. At the tannery the tanned and roughly finished product was packed in great, canvass-covered bales and sent back to New York to be further finished, so the sophisticated old Australian buck would not be able to distinguish his own hide from that of the veriest kid or softest calf.

These many mills have disappeared. The great tannery, long since shut down, is now being razed and salvaged for the useable material to be found in its structure. And yet, do you know, out of the little village of Yorkshire came the Smith boys, Leroy, Lyman C., Wilbert, Monroe and Hurlbert.

From wrestling with the choppers in the hemlock timber, the sawyers at the mill, and the raftsmen and high water in the spring drive of manufactured lumber through the three rivers to tide-water, Leroy Smith went over to Ithaca and located; and the sporting world was given the "Ithaca" gun.

Lyman C. Smith went to Syracuse, and directly the "L. C. Smith" gun

THE YORKSHIRE OF OLD

had achieved more than a national reputation. He interested himself (and an inventor) in typewriting machines at a time when there were but two or three sufficiently practical to be in use; and directly, the "Smith Premier" appeared on the market. Then he disposed of the gun and the "Smith Premier" interests, and associated with him his brothers Wilbert, Monroe and Hurlbert in a new enterprise, and the "L. C. Smith & Brothers" visible writing machine came to the fore.

But fifteen or twenty minutes from Lisle! And we had climbed the long hill from Yorkshire—looking back from the crest over the valley below and to the farm-marked hills to the north and to the west—and had coasted down by the old Franklin homestead, past the orchard which the Pilot had helped to set out when he was a mere boy; had passed the farms added to the original holding, and waved a morning salute to the farmer and his wife, who were evidently discussing the day's program on the kitchen porch of the new Franklin farm house.

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

OLD WAYS AND NEW

Fifteen or twenty minutes! To hitch up a team and "drive to town" with the butter and eggs and other farm products for barter or sale, in the good, old-fashioned days of our fathers and grandfathers, meant the loss of the half of a long day. Farm horses generally were not racers, and the country roads were far from being speedways.

Transportation was always a serious proposition—is now. We are likely to overlook the fact, for the moment, that the railroads we now have, were not always with us. "Uncle Gardner" Livermore, one of the first settlers, if not the earliest, in this particular section, came from Massachusetts. With oxen and sleds for a means of transportation, he brought his family and household effects through in mid-winter. One can hardly imagine now, what a journey of that kind under such conditions must have been.

The Pilot's grandfather, accompanied by Mrs. Franklin and their only son, Charles R., drove across the country with his belongings from Au-

A NEW FARM PRODUCT

rora, in Cayuga county, 85 years ago. They first made their home in a log house on Popple Hill, later to locate in Cadwell Settlement. And the boy, Charles, was sent at times with his father's team, 65 or 70 miles to Syracuse, to load with salt and return. After the Chenango canal was put in operation, the source of supply was changed to Chenango Forks, reached over "the old salt road."

A NEW FARM PRODUCT

These, with the stage coach, were the common methods of land transportation in the earlier days, and are in marked contrast with the mode of conveyance we were enjoying that early morning in August. And the contrast came pat at that time for the reason that H. H. Franklin, the head of the company that produces the car the Pilot was driving, is also, a Lisle boy, "grown up" as well as older, and was born and reared on the farm in Cadwell Settlement, we then were passing. So, you may observe with the Observer that, in addition to the dairy products and the livestock which have come from the Franklin farms for so many years, it may be true in an interrelated kind

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

of way, that this farm that produced the producer, may claim the "Franklin car" as one of its products.

Traveling by the way of East Berkshire, we soon came out upon the new Owego road through Newark Valley, a town once of great local reputation because of its "trout ponds" and adjoining grounds where the country people from many miles around were wont to gather picnicking—and dancing, perhaps, for which provision was made; more of the "good, old times" that are no more.

Comfortably speeding over an excellent macadam road, we reached Owego, (where once was an Indian town with a similar name, Oghwaga), at a reasonably early hour in the morning. Without halting we turned westward over what has, since the War, been sometimes called the Liberty Highway.

SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY

We were riding over historic ground. We had driven down into the valley of the Susquehanna, a valley and a river which have figured much in history and romance. We were at Owego nee Oghwaga, where the joint contributions of the Owego and Cata-

SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY

tonk creeks are poured into the Susquehanna.

Ancient Oghwaga was one of the many substantially built and well located Indian towns scattered over that portion of New York dominated by the Iroquois Confederacy. It suffered the common fate of all the Indian settlements along the line of march taken by General Sullivan's troops on the expedition of 1779. In fact, it was the purpose of the expedition to seek out these villages to destroy them and their stores of food and fields of corn and vegetables. So Oghwaga was burned and the corn and potatoes, cucumbers and melons, squash and turnips in the fields were destroyed—139 years, less five days, before the Pilot and his party arrived on the scene and took up the westward trail.

The splendid stretch of macadam we called a "trail," by easy grades and swinging curves, along the southern slope of the hills on the northern side of the valley, soon reached an altitude much above the town and the river flats. We rushed by a club house and park, poised on the verge of the dangerously steep hillside hedged in a tangle of trees and

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

shrubby, and came out into an unobstructed view of the scene. Farms dotted with buildings, were marked off in great, rectangular fields by their fences; intersecting roadways afforded them communication; and farm teams and some early travelers were on their way.

Glistening parallels marked lines of railroad traversing the length of the valley. The Erie and the Lehigh crowded the hill and one another, almost beneath us. Section hands were working on the roadbed, and among them were women, suitably dressed for the employment, and doing the work of men. These were war times.

Through the valley the Susquehanna traveled its sinuous course, collecting tribute from its tributaries all the way from Otsego Lake, and poured its flood into Chesapeake bay at the end of its 400 miles of meandering. Beyond the river a trail of smoke and steam marked the line of the Lackawanna, and back of all rose the distant background of mountainous hills.

"MOTHER OF SUFFRAGE"

ESTHER MORRIS

Observing a woman in overalls, working in the section gang with the men, "doing a man's work for a man's pay," quickened a memory of Esther Morris. You have not heard of her?

Out in Wyoming where the women have enjoyed the franchise and civil rights equally with men since 1869, Esther Morris is sometimes referred to as the "Mother of Woman's Suffrage." She was almost born an Owego girl, somewhat more than 100 years ago. Her grandfather was an officer under General Sullivan in the expedition of 1779. At the close of the war he was granted a tract of land near Owego. His granddaughter was born in the little village of Spencer, Tioga county, 12 or 15 miles northwest from Owego, and not much farther from ancient "Catharines-town." She was an orphan at 11 years.

Esther was married at 28 to a civil engineer named Slack, employed on the Erie railroad, then under construction. Later he went to the Illinois Central, acquired some interests in Illinois, died and was survived by

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

Mrs. Slack and their one son. In 1845 Mrs. Slack married John Morris, a merchant in Peru, Ills. There were two sons by the second marriage. In 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Morris and the three boys went out to the frontier and settled at South Pass City, a mining town over in the middle western portion of the new Territory of Wyoming.

In the first legislative assembly of Wyoming, in the fall of 1869, John Bright, a member of the council, from South Pass City, fathered a woman's suffrage bill, which Esther Morris "mothered" in the lobby; and his work was so insistent and hers so persistent and effective, that the bill became an act, was approved by Governor Campbell and became a law. Mrs. Morris was one Billy Fortune would describe as "an able minded lady." She lived to see the provision she had "mothered" in the first legislative assembly of a new territory, incorporated in its constitution when that territory was admitted to statehood 20 years afterward.

The panorama rushing past as the wheels of our car took the smooth road without a jar, was a swiftly changing one. Almost before we were aware of it, we had left the Susque-

ESTHER MORRIS

hanna and its valley behind and were entering the valley through which the Chemung was flowing to its junction with the larger stream at Tioga Point.

AN OLD BATTLE FIELD

As we were approaching Elmira, yet several miles distant, there suddenly flashed into view a tall, graceful obelisk, glistening white in the sun and silhouetted high against the blue summer sky above a prominent hill at our right. This monument was erected commemorative of the first battle fought by Sullivan's army in force, on its march against the Indians in 1779.

Butler's Rangers and his Indians to the number of about 700, of whom 500 were aborigines, had chosen their position at this point, erected breast-works of logs, dug rifle pits and loop-holed a log house standing here in the woods, for their defense. In course of the battle, Sullivan's men turned their enemy's flank on the hill above them and severely punished and routed, them.

That night, after the battle, the Americans encamped on the broad fiat near by, where the Indians had

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

planted and cultivated 120 acres to corn, beans, potatoes, turnips and other vegetables, and remained in camp until August 31st. when they left Newtown and marched on "Catharinestown," having first entirely destroyed the field of corn and vegetables.

The present Newtown lies at the foot of the hill surmounted by the sightly monument, and on the trail we were traveling. A granite marker at the roadside in the village, reminds the passer-by of the historical character of the locality he has invaded. A fine driveway has been built from the highway up the sodded slope of the hill to a millitary park surrounding the monument. On the first centennial anniversary of the battle of Newtown, August 29, 1879, this monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

We more nearly passed by Elmira than passed through it, on our way; and that, without stopping. However, in passing, the Observer observed that this city, also, draws on Revolutionary history and Indian romance for its beginning. Where Newtown creek pours its waters into the Chemung river, once was Kanawhshalla;

PAINTED POST.

where Kanawishalla was Capt. John Reed built a fort in September, 1779, and it was called Fort Reed; and the site of old Fort Reed is the site of later Elmira.

PAINTED POST.

From Elmira the Pilot laid a route by Horseheads through Corning to Painted Post, in Steuben county. "The Man from Painted Post," was not a product of this town; but the origin of its name harks back to the Revolution and the Indian activities of that time.

In the summer of 1779, we are assured, a detachment of Butler's Rangers under the Loyalist, McDonnell, and a considerable party of Indians under the Seneca, Chief Hiakatoo, returning from some serious encounter, brought the young chieftain, Ronald Montour, son of the Indian Queen Catharine, of Catharinestown, so desperately wounded that he presently died; and they buried him under the elms at the confluence of the Tioga and Cohocton rivers.

Over this young chief's grave was planted a post, painted with various Indian symbols and devices, which stood undisturbed long after the coun-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

try had been settled by the whites. This monument was known throughout the Genesee country, and to this spot many chieftains and braves of the Six Nations made frequent pilgrimages. The white settlement located at this place, naturally took on the name by which the locality had long been known—Painted Post.

Roland Montour was leader of the band of 40 Indians who fired upon General Sullivan's soldiers, from ambush, near Chemung, August 13, 1779, wounding 12 and killing 8 officers and privates. McDonnell was with the Rangers at the battle of Newtown, on August 29, in which both Rangers and Indians suffered defeat and rout.

Instead of following the main Iroquois trail up the Cohocton to Bath and across to Hornell, we went out over the highway through Addison to Jasper, and thence down to Canisteo and on to Hornell. Shortly before entering Canisteo, the car side-tracked to a shaded position on the bank of a shallow stream which, at one time or another, had been appropriated by some doughty millitary hero; or our road map was misleading.

So be it, at noon we paused on the

CANISTEO VALLEY

bank of "Col. Bill's creek," and appropriated to our own use a lunch prepared and boxed that morning for emergencies (the emergency having arisen) and washed it down with pure, cold water from the spring at the watering trough in the "Dugway" at Lisle, from our thermos bottles. And then to Canisteo.

CANISTEO VALLEY.

In the valley of the Canisteo, in the midst of its open flats and ancient meadows, once was an Indian village, Canisteo Castle. Here for a time and before she took up her abode at "Catharinestown," near the head of Seneca lake, was the home of Queen Catharine. Long after that, and prior to the Revolution, Canisteo Castle fell into such bad repute that Sir William Johnson ordered its destruction. This duty was assigned to Captain (Andre) Montour, a brother of Queen Catharine, and his work was done so thoroughly well that the location was utterly abandoned and never rebuilt by the Indians.

In 1788, Solomon Bennet, Uriah Stephens and others launched an expedition for the exploration of the Canisteo with the view of effecting a

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

settlement in its valley if the prospects were favorable. On September 17, 1790, as a result of these investigations, Bennet and Stephens together with nine others associated with them, purchased a tract of 46,080 acres of land, surveyed into two townships, each containing 23,040 acres, from Oliver Phelps of Canandaigua. This sale was "in consideration of Two thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence, current money" of the State of New York.

These townships were each divided into 12 parcels of equal area, and were distributed by lot to the associates, one parcel in each township to each man except Bennet, who, for satisfactory reasons, was given two in each township.

One of the associates was John Stephens, latterly known as Col. John Stephens, a son of Uriah Stephens. His wife, Olive, was a sister of the father of the grandfather of the Pilot and the Observer. Col. John Stephen's lot in the "upper" or township 4, was lot 7; and did not particularly appeal to him as a farming proposition.

THE LADY'S GOWN

AUNT OLIVE'S SILK DRESS.

On the 9th of July, 1793, Col. John sold 1,600 acres of lot 7 to George Hornell, "in consideration of one hundred and eleven pounds lawful money of the State of New York" together with a silk dress for his wife, Aunt Olive! He retained his interest in the lower township, wherein was afterwards located the town of Canisteo, and made his home there. He lived to be 71 and died March 19, 1837; and his wife survived him and died Nov. 6, 1848, at the age of 82 years and six months. Both were buried in the cemetery at the little village of Greenwood in the hills a few miles south of Canisteo.

On the day we passed through Canisteo, the Stephens family annual reunion was on, and we were invited to tarry and join the party, but our schedule would not permit.

Much of the town of Hornell, including railroad property, churches, schools, Federal building, Armory, Court house, and other public and private buildings, including one or two silk mills, was located on the 1,600

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

acres sold to George Hornell for Aunt Olive's silk dress and 111 pounds in money. Can there be any psychological connection between the silk dress of 125 years ago and the silk mills there today.

A passing shower of but a few moments' duration, laid the dust for us as we were taking on gas at Hornell; and from there we struck out over the hills by Wellsville, Belvidere and Friendship in Allegany county, and Cuba to Olean in Cattaraugus county. Great tanneries were established in Olean years ago before the mountainous hills and ridges among which we had been traveling, had been robbed of their forests; and hemlock bark was then corded up in great piles more noticeable than the buildings of the town, as viewed from passing trains. Now the forests have disappeared, the bark has vanished, but the tanneries are here—and running.

AT CHAUTAUQUA.

From Olean we followed the trail to Salamanca, a town which the Observer recalls as the place where he was compelled to "change cars" for Kent, Ohio, from the Erie train on which he had left Binghamton the

AT CHAUTAUQUA.

midnight before, on his way to the western frontier forty years ago. From Salamanca we continued across the Allegany Indian reservation to the Randolphs, and thence over into Chautauqua county and down to Jamestown at the foot of the lake. And there we dined.

The sun was nearing the western horizon as we drove out from Jamestown, along the eastern shore of Chautauqua lake, enjoying the increasing splendors of a growing sunset, the beauties of the flashing gleams of light and color reflected from the wind-rippled surface of the water, and the delight of a moving picture of the western shore line with its little communities and villages and the Chautauqua in the midst of trees and shrubbery, blending in the background of undulating hills and illuminated sky. And we rounded the head of the lake to Mayville.

From Mayville the Pilot rushed us along through the growing twilight over the low divide which lies between Chautauqua lake and Lake Erie, and brought us into Westfield at 8 o'clock, 13 hours and 40 minutes and 293 miles and a half from Dudley

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

creek bridge in Lisle, that day. Here we lost very much of the Bliss of a splendid day by his very regretful, if not tearfully sad, farewell and departure for Dunkirk—by Trolley.

THE WAYSIDE INN

After Charlie Bliss had boarded his trolley car and rushed off to Dunkirk, and the Pilot had housed our car, and we had been assured by the local inn keeper that he would "take care" of us, we left our bags in the office and stepped out onto the streets to find our legs, after a day's non-use of them, and to have a glance at the town which the unserpented and de-adderized red juice of the grape has made famous.

When we returned a party of six motorists had just been "turned down" because the house was "full," and another man was hopelessly pleading for accommodations for a party of a dozen and the clerk was phoning to a rooming house to ascertain if the party could be entertained there. This is just an indication of what the tourists are doing to the hotels. Suppose the clerk had forgotten his promise to us? The mere thought of it produced a chill.

THE WAYSIDE INN

Oh, no, we had not been forgotten (and, too, no vacant space in the house had been overlooked). Our accommodations were right off the office—same floor. We picked up our bags and hastened to settle on our claims before they could be surreptitiously jumped.

And this is a sample of what the hotels some times do to the tourists. We found ourselves in a big, square room probably intended originally for a baggage or store room. The ceiling was high and grimey. The walls were bare and broken by doors only. With office partition stuff this store room had been subdivided into four box stalls, wide enough to take in a single bed and a plain, square-top stand at its head. There was an electric drop light in each stall, and one central light near the ceiling high enough to throw its white glare into the tops of these stalls regardless—an all night illumination and irritation.

There was no carpet or rug on a cold, concrete floor calculated to send a man to bed with a chill and to occasion another upon his arising. We might have been lulled into a restful slumber by the music of the dripping

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

water in the general lavatory adjoining, and the gentle murmur of distant voices in the office—a few yards away, if it had not been for that big light up against the ceiling beating into our stalls incessantly.

HORACE BEAT US TO IT

Horace Greeley beat us to Westfield by about 85 years—and walked in at that. He was a young printer in the making, at Poultney, Vt., near his boyhood home. In 1831 his father left Vermont, anticipating his son's subsequent advice to other young men, "went west" and settled in the forests of Erie county, Pennsylvania, just over the State line and adjoining Chautauqua county, N. Y.

Greeley visited his people in Pennsylvania several times during and after his apprenticeship in the Poultney printing office. There were no railroads in New York then and automobiles had not been dreamed of. The trail he followed was a wet one—from Troy to Buffalo on a "line boat," navigating the Erie canal, "a cent and a half a mile and a mile and a half an hour!"

Describing that trip in after years, he wrote, "the days passed slowly,

AN EARLY START

yet smoothly on those gilded arks, being enlivened by various sedentary games; but the nights were tedious beyond any sleeping car experience. At daybreak you were routed out of your shabby, shelf-like berth and driven on deck to swallow fog while the cabin was cleared of its beds and made ready for breakfast."

From Buffalo the journey was continued on "wretched little tubs" that did duty for steamboats on Lake Erie and Greeley left one at Dunkirk and "walked 20 miles to Westfield instead of keeping on by boat at a trifling charge," simply to avoid further punishment of that kind.

AN EARLY START

There was no delay in our start the following morning because of oversleeping. We were on our way at 7:30 along a fine dirt road over which we were to reach the "Lake road" we had determined to travel that day; and we were soon driving through vineyards as, in Nebraska, one may drive through illimitable fields of corn.

In the gray atmosphere of the morning, the sky and foliage seemed to

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

meet at our right; then the immediate sky turned to water, and way out yonder, the water and sky merged save when a distant lake boat rode the sky-line, or the distant, trailing clouds of steamer smoke, squarely cut on the bottom, floated above an unseen craft lying beneath the horizon.

To the left was an easy rise to the crest of a low divide, which directed the course of the running streams and decided the ultimate destination of local waters on their way to the seas. Thus, some were diverted into Lake Erie and through Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence into the northern Atlantic. And yet, a little way off, less than a stone's throw, perhaps, ran a little brook in an increasing stream into Chautauqua lake; thence through its outlet into the Allegheny, the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers into the Gulf of Mexico, to mingle with the waters of the Gulf stream and again travel northward.

It was a drive of but a little more than ten miles to the Pennsylvania State line; and a considerable detour added somewhat to the 21 or 22 miles more which ordinarily would have

A BLAZED TRAIL

served to bring us to the city of Erie. The Pennsylvania roads were just fair dirt roads, not particularly well cared for; but they were then dry, if dusty, rather than wet and muddy. There is a great difference between the two conditions as we discovered some weeks later in traveling over the same roads.

A BLAZED TRAIL

The "Lake road" we were following was officially designated as the Toledo-Cleveland-Buffalo trail, and its course had been blazed with a monogram, black on white, made up of three letters T. C and B so distorted and arranged as to enter into, and outline, a triangular shield, with the three sides slightly curving outward. There were only 75 or 80 different trail markings in the portions of four states comprising the "district" through which we were passing; and their printed tabulation had all the appearance of a far western brand book.

We did not fairly get into Erie, a lake port and a city, with a population of 72,000 or better; but we followed our trail in at the City Park

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

and directly out again without invading the down town district. A drive of about 20 miles carried us over the State line into Ohio at Conneaut—seen in passing as a village, a bridge, an old church by the roadside, a woman at the vestry door, a succession of dwellings, lawns, trees, red brick buildings, more trees, along a paved street over which we silently rolled—and out into the country again.

A drive of about 15 miles from Conneaut brought us into Ashtabula, a city of 21,000 people, three railroads, two electric lines, a lake port near by and business accordingly. Our trail crossed the high bridge over a deep gorge, and a few rods to our left the railroads had bridged the same chasm. Then flashed a recollection of an old newspaper head-line, big, black and startling, "The Ashtabula Horror!" That was the caption of a newspaper account of one of the most terrible disasters then in the annals of railroads; and it was staged here. From the dizzy height of a railroad bridge which crossed this gorge, crashed the coaches crowded with people, down to the rocks below. The story need not be repeated now. Its details

A DISAPPOINTMENT

have long since been forgotten and there are other thrills and horrors for today.

HOT CHICKEN, NO?

Another 15 miles or such a matter, and we were driving into a neat, compact little town; and something suggested to the Pilot that we had eaten an early breakfast at Westfield that morning and, paraphrasing the remark passed between the Governors of the two Carolinas, it was a long time between eats. Opportunely a black-lettered sign prominently displayed on a corner dwelling ahead, carried the cheering announcement, "Hot Chicken Dinners." The car clock indicated the arrival of the hour, and this seemed to be the place. Having found the time and the place, we parked the car to look for the chicken.

We entered and the Pilot asked the lone man we found in the outer room, "Can we get our dinners here?" He hesitated, said he would "go and see," and he went. Directly he returned with the woman of the house, who informed us that dinner was not ready and that maybe she could serve us in half an hour. Our call seemed to have been out of the usual, somehow;

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

and the lady added the explanatory statement that she did not usually serve dinner before noon, and it was now only 11 o'clock! We had run out of "eastern time" into "central time," and lost an hour without sensing it. We had been on the road, let us say, five hours; but had only traveled four hours into the day.

We did not wait for the hot chicken, but pressed on until we had crossed the Grand river and followed the brick pavement into Painesville. And the Observer suggested to the Pilot as they rolled along Main street, with due regard for the traffic rules, that when their gr. gr. grandfather built his little log house on the site of the old Indian town, Chonodote, (Peach Town, destroyed by Sullivan's soldiers ten years before) and the present site of Aurora, on the east shore of Cayuga lake, in October, 1789, all the white men in what is now Cayuga county, N. Y., were present and helped in the work; and one of these men was Edward Paine, who afterwards settled at Painesville, Ohio, about 120 years ago.

BY THE LAKE SHORE

The distance is about 30 miles from Painesville to Cleveland, but the traveler runs upon Euclid avenue at Willoughby, 20 miles east of the big town; and from that point our course was over Euclid right into the heart of the city.

Our first call in Cleveland was at the "Franklin" branch, to take on gas and oil and to make a personal call upon the resident manager, C. S. Carris, formerly of Syracuse, in 1904, he accompanied L. L. Whitman on the trip from San Francisco to New York in a 10 H. P. "Franklin" car of that time. It was a record breaker all right; but to compare that car with the "Franklin" touring car the Pilot was driving was to smile.

At Cleveland, for the first time during the day, we approached the lake shore. All day long the lake had been shimmering in the distance; but upon resuming our drive at Cleveland, the trail took us down to the water front where not only could we see the shipping in the harbor, but we could see ships in the making as well, and passed by several great steel hulls in course of completion.

Leaving Cleveland we followed the T-C-B trail out for a few miles to

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

Rocky Creek, from whence we continued along the lake side through Loraine, Vermillion and Huron, hugging the lake shore more closely, into Sandusky, Ohio.

We had traveled 217 miles, all day long within sight of Lake Erie; and from Cleveland on, in many places, we could hear the wash of the waves upon the beach. We had passed through vineyards and grain-fields, and fields of diversified farm crops, including tobacco, also. We had driven through many well kept villages and towns and several cities; but two of the latter. Cleveland with 674,000 and Erie with 72,000, much exceeded 20,000 population. Our trail had averaged good; and, in Ohio, for the most part, it was excellent. We had experienced a delightful day and an enjoyable drive. At the end of it, we had found good hotel accommodations, housed our car—and dined.

LAKE ERIE, ADIOS!

At Sandusky, after dining, the Pilot and Observer sauntered out from the hotel, turned their backs to the little park opposite, and drifted down to the water front three or four blocks

LAKE ERIE, ADIOS!

away. There, from a bench on the pier, they watched the play of the fading sunlight upon an almost waveless bay.

Directly an excursion boat arrived from Cedar Point, a pleasure resort not far away, and tied up to the dock, churning the water and sending the resulting waves lapping against the pier and swashing along the beach. Some hundreds of people, young and old of both sexes and of various nationalities, were poured out upon the dock and soon lost in the city.

Sandusky is a city of 20,000 population, the county seat of Erie county, Ohio, and a lake port on Sandusky bay. Into this bay flows Sandusky river after crossing Sandusky county which adjoins Erie county on the west. Each of these counties abuts on the bay.

Traders with the Indians had reached the present site of Sandusky in 1749, and a fort was erected there, as was the custom at frontier trading posts. This fort was destroyed by the Wyandot Indians in 1763, during the general Indian uprising incited by the Ottawa Chieftain, Pontiac, and sometimes referred to as "Pontiac's War." The permanent settlement of

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

Sandusky as a town, dates from 1817.

Lying out in Lake Erie, on the American side of the national boundary, north and northwest from Sandusky, are a number of islands, one of which is known as South Bass. Off this island, Commodore Perry won his great naval victory over the British in the battle of Put in Bay, in 1813.

We were off the next morning (Aug. 16), at 7:30 and drove directly to Fremont, the county seat of Sandusky county; thus breaking away from the shore line of the lake we had followed so many miles, and driving out through farm lands and smaller towns of the interior.

Some distance out from Fremont, we ran upon a long, straight stretch of road over which, in the distance, approached a trailing cloud of dust. As we advanced we entered upon a section of the highway which was being regraded and otherwise improved, and upon this we met a fleet of probably 75 big, powerful military automobiles sailing along regardless. They were just out of the factory, powerful passenger carrying cars, finished in khaki color, top, body and running gear, and manned by a detachment of soldiers accompanied by

ON THE MAUMEE RIVER

officers. A forceful reminder of a world's upheaval was that dust-raising procession there in the midst of rural quiet and peace.

From Fremont our course was through Woodville, Pemberville and Scotch Ridge to Bowling Green. That name, Bowling Green, has a real sporty sound; and one naturally associates it with the blue grass region of Kentucky, the thoroughbreds reared there, and sweepstakes, the derby and things. This Ohio town, however, is one of six or seven others of the name and falls about 4,000 people short of the Kentucky mark, but it is the county seat of Wood county.

ON THE MAUMEE RIVER

At the outskirts of Bowling Green, as we were leaving, to relieve his mind of any doubt as to the wisdom of his selection of roads, the Pilot inquired of a gentleman apparently at his own home and to the manor born, if we were on the right road to Napoleon. He was assured that we were for about three miles out, when we should "turn to the left and follow the river right down the valley to the town."

Mile after mile we steadily forged

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ahead over the roads indicated, eagerly scanning the landscape for the shimmer of some river to follow "right down the valley to the town—but never a shimmer. About this time we came up with an elderly gentleman and his consort, driving a roadster flying a Massachusetts pennant. They had halted at the cross roads in doubt as to the proper direction for them to proceed. We were told they were "out for Bryan," (nothing political, however), which place we also, aimed to reach and pass in course of the day.

They were in doubt and the Pilot was not altogether sure; but he offered to drive on to a farm house a little distance ahead, on the road we had been traveling, make inquiry of the people there and "wig wag" the result, so to speak. We drove on, hunted up the farmer and signalled the course to the elderly party from Massachusetts. Before we could regain our car and get under way, the old gentleman had turned on "full speed ahead" and passed, in a rather thankless sort of a way enveloping us in a cloud of dust; all of which, the Pilot was moved to suggest, was far from being ladylike.

SLICK COUNTRY ROADS

A few moments afterward, however, the Pilot had placed Massachusetts in its proper relative position on the map, on the east side of New York instead of at the west; and soon discovered the lost Maumee river, which we seemed to have been following down its valley—at a distance—despite our doubts and fears. At noon we drove into Napoleon, the seat of Maumee county, and a town of 4,000 people. We came upon a peculiar juxtaposition of historical names there. We were in Napoleon, dined at the Wellington hotel, and a little later in the afternoon, passed through Waterloo, just over the line, in Indiana.

SLICK COUNTRY ROADS

The morning had been delightful and the highways (we were traveling along the "other ways") had been fairly good into Napoleon; but became less satisfactory after we had left that town and the valley of the Maumee on our way to Bryan. It had already been raining some when, at other cross roads, (for we seemed to intersect a north and south road at every section corner): we came upon a party of two young men traveling from New York City enroute to Chi-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

cago, up against a great big doubt as to the proper highway to follow. In addition to that doubt, they were not very sure in the management of their car.

We were upon a newly worked, well crowned, but ungraveled roadway upon which the rain had recently fallen. Old lumbermen may talk about a greased skidway! Nothing could have been slicker than the road upon which we left these two young men, after telling them we were traveling Chicago-ward ourselves as far as Bryan, unless it might have been the piece of road the Pilot headed onto a few moments later.

That road must have been worked and crowned and rolled and polished off just a few minutes before the rain fell, and it was innocent of a rut or wheel track until our car struck it. You can't imagine the attraction the ditches had for that car, and the effort required of the Pilot to hold it astride the center line until we reached the next corner and another farm house, where we stopped for information.

Before the Observer had reached the gateway, the good housewife had observed the halted car and appeared

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

on the front porch. She answered the query: "Isn't there a good road near here, somewhere, into Bryan?" by saying: "Yes, there is. Go right down the road to the second corner and you'll come to the stone; and you'll turned to the right and follow the stone right into Bryan." We followed directions and found a splendid crushed stone road, as smooth and firm as good macadam, through to Bryan.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

From Bryan, we proceeded over improving roadways into Indiana, through Waterloo and Kendalville to Ligonier over the National Parks Transcontinental Highway. At Ligonier this trail with the long name merged in the Lincoln Highway, through Goshen and Elkhart, to South Bend, Indiana. Over this section of the highway we enjoyed traveling along great stretches, mile after mile, of brick and concrete pavements; and arrived at our hotel quarters that evening at 7 o'clock, after having driven 231 miles, many of which were run over roads not at all provocative of any breach of the local speed laws.

South Bend is a city of 65,000 popu-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

lation, occupying a site upon which Pierre Navarre built his little log cabin in 1820. The city is located on the St. Joseph river, which empties into Lake Michigan at St. Joseph, Mich. A great Roman Catholic educational institution, Notre Dame, founded in 1843 by Father Sorin, is located at South Bend; and, of many, three great industrial enterprises carry the city's name around the world—the Studebaker company, the Oliver plow company and the Singer sewing machine company.

The campaign for war loans and war work funds was on, and even as we drove up to the hotel to take off our personal luggage for the night, great crowds were gathering, called by an open air program to be put on the street near by.

A parade and concert by the Jackies' Band and a detachment from the naval reserve camp at Chicago; two flat cars camouflaged to represent the upper works of a submarine, standing on the trolley tracks in front of the Court House, and some open air talks made from the deck of the submarine by men in uniform, in support of the drive for funds, were the center of attraction around which

THE FOURTH DAY.

thousands of people were massed in the streets and remained until the last speech was delivered. It was an orderly, interested crowd of earnest people, but effectually blocked all street traffic in that vicinity far into the evening.

THE FOURTH DAY.

On the following morning the Pilot took the car to an establishment devoted to cleansing dirty automobiles and restoring them to their previous self-respect and luster, there to have the Ohio clay and some other soil removed which we had brought into South Bend the night before. And it was a queer bunch we found at that wash house.

Two washers were busy—one on our car. A visitor, a mutual acquaintance evidently, was occupying a wooden chair conveniently near. The three of them, apparently more or less old horsemen, were discussing the entry lists, the odds, and the published telegraphic reports of the previous day's races, as the washing of the horseless carriages proceeded. The Pilot, once more than less interested in horse-flesh himself, set in

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

the conversational game and seemed to enjoy it.

It developed then that the man working on our "Franklin" was in Studebaker's employ some years ago when that wealthy manufacturer maintained a full stable and drove blooded horses and fine carriages galore. He dwelt upon the particular attention and painstaking care he was required to give to the carriages under his supervision—the same kind of care and attention he was giving to our car at this time, of course! Then came the big touring cars, the limosines, the town cars, sedans and coupes and the stables dwindled away.

That morning, although the man did not say so in so many words, it was quite evident that he looked upon his job in hand from very much the same view point as that of the Union Pacific locomotive engineer who was taken off his engine and detailed to drive the first gasoline-motored combination coach from the factory at Omaha through to the coast under its own power, for use on the S. P. He said to a fellow engineer whom he met in the Cheyenne yards on the way: "For the last 18 years I have been driving a locomotive on the

ALONG THE ILLINOIS

main line, and see what I have come to now."

At ten o'clock that forenoon, the Pilot swung his car out on the Lincoln Highway, setting his course through Valpariso, a university town 50 miles away, and the little village of Dyer, the last "station" in Indiana; then on to Chicago Heights, a manufacturing town of 20,000 people in southern Cook county, Illinois. At this point a branch of the Lincoln Highway extends north to Chicago and thence westerly, and another continues west to Joliet and thence northerly to Geneva where it intersects the Highway running westward from Chicago.

ALONG THE ILLINOIS.

We pushed on to Joliet, located on the Desplaines river, perpetuating the name of Louis Joliet, the old French pioneer, who was in this region 156 years ago. Joliet has a population of 5,500 people, exclusive of the Illinois State Penitentiary located there, which is recommended as "one of the oldest and best known institutions of the kind in the country." We did not tarry there.

From Joliet we drove on through the village of Minooka to Morris. It

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

is the county seat of Grundy (!) county, has a population of 4,500 people and is said to have been located on the site of an old Indian village. An Indian cedar pole (recall the "painted post?") marks the grave of Chief Nequette, and in a cemetery a little way from town, a granite boulder serves as a monument to Shabbona, friend of many white men during the Black Hawk war.

From Morris a drive of 23 miles brought us to Ottawa, a city of 15,000 people, county seat of LaSalle county and located at the confluence of the Fox and Illinois rivers. Arriving at 6 o'clock that evening, we had traveled 154 miles in our short day's drive.

The day, however, had developed marked changes in agricultural conditions. The deep soil and recent copious rains, while they had been hard on the road-faring man, had produced wonderful crops in northwestern Indiana and thus far in Illinois. We passed splendid fields of oats and corn, but with a smaller acreage and lesser yield of wheat than we had seen in Ohio and north eastern Indiana. There were frequent fields of clover grown and ripening for seed, and many fields of mint. Vegetation was luxuri-

THE FIFTH DAY

ant and the crops promised wonderful things.

It was the close of the week and we were four days and 895 miles from the Dudley creek bridge in Lisle. We were pleasantly quartered in a comfortable hotel, too; and yet, the Pilot had begun to worry because he had not seen a single watering trough since we left New York state.

THE FIFTH DAY.

On Sunday morning, August 19th, last, at 8 o'clock, the Pilot brought his car around to the hotel for a start over the course calculated to bring us to the Mississippi river at Davenport, Iowa, with Princeton, Ills., as an immediate objective.

On the way, between Ottawa and LaSalle, and about five miles out from Ottawa, is located the Starved Rock State park, including a tract of about 900 acres of rough, wild and broken terrain just as nature had formed it during countless ages past.

This park lies on the south side of the Illinois river, and takes its designation from the name given to a monumental mass of sandstone within its limits, which rises almost perpendicularly from the waters of the river

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

to a sheer height of 157 feet. From the ground at its base the sides rise abruptly, furrowed and seamed under the storms of ages, and in which have taken a firm hold, the roots of much shrubbery and many trees.

Starved Rock is a historical landmark. It not only perpetuates the story of a sanguinary conflict in its immediate vicinity, but it harks back to the time of the transfer of sovereignty over the Canadas from the French to the British, as a result of the French and Indian war terminated shortly prior to the American Revolution.

Captain Rogers, of New Hampshire, and a force of 200 Rangers, embarked in 15 whale boats, were sent out from Fort Niagara to take possession of the western frontier forts of the French, the formal surrender of which, had not been effected, and where, in consequence, the French colors were yet flying.

Early in November, 1761, Captain Rogers and his command reached Cleveland, a point never before reached by the British soldiers. Here he was met by a deputation of Indians in the name of Chief Pontiac who personally appeared later in the day, to demand a reason for Captain Rogers'

SIEGE OF DETROIT

visit. He was informed of the result of the war between the French and Indians on one side and the British, that the French had ceded all Canada to the British, and that he was on his way to take over Fort Detroit.

Pontiac disappeared, and Captain Rogers and his rangers continued their voyage, reached Fort Detroit, took possession, and replaced the French colors with the British flag. He received the allegiance of the Canadian settlers in the neighborhood; but where the French, through the offices of the Church missions and by reason of a liberal government policy in dealings with the Indians, found but little trouble and made many friends, the harsher British policy soon made the Indians restless and dissatisfied.

SIEGE OF DETROIT

Pontiac was the son of an Ottawa father and an Ojibwa mother. He became an Ottawa chieftian whose authority was recognized by several other tribes. He was a member of a magic Indian cult and accredited with more than human powers by the superstitious red men. In May, 1762 he called a council of the tribes to be

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

held at a point on the Ecorces river, not far removed from Detroit; and the result of that council was a two-years war which swept through the western wilderness from Detroit almost into Fort Niagara, and along the Ohio into Pennsylvania. It has been variously referred to as Pontiac's Conspiracy, Pontiac's Rebellion and began in Pontiac's Siege of Detroit.

Having failed in an attempt to carry the Fort by assault, Pontiac invested it and laid siege against it, and that investment was continued and convoys with men and supplies for the garrison were destroyed; but a considerable number of men and a quantity of supplies eventually were brought through, although not sufficient to warrant taking the offensive against the besiegers.

Leaving the vicinity of Fort Detroit, Pontiac with 400 of his warriors, set out through the wilderness, exciting the tribes to further participation in the revolt, and eventually reached Fort Chartres on the Mississippi, from the commander of which (St. Ange), he hoped to receive some assurance of French co-operation. In this he was bitterly disappointed and in anger, left the presence of his erst-

PONTIAC'S UNDOING

while friend, and with his warriors, camped for the night outside the fort.

In the meantime, Pontiac's propaganda was spread among the tribes throughout the forests east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, and the revolt was meeting with such success that there was not a fort flying a British flag between Fort Niagara and Mackinaw other than Fort Detroit, in the north and Forts Ligonier and Pitt in western Pennsylvania.

Pontiac even went so far as to send his messengers down the Mississippi, rousing and enlisting the tribes on either side, in his grand scheme for saving the red men from extermination. These messengers went as far south as New Orleans where they had an interview with the French governor in Pontiac's behalf; and he told them that Pontiac must not look for any assistance from the French as they had made peace with the English.

PONTIAC'S UNDOING

The position taken by the French Governor of New Orleans, when brought to his knowledge by his messengers, completed Pontiac's discomfiture; for his appeal to the tribes had been accompanied by a promise of aid

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

by the French, and only by making this promise good, could he hold his partisans to his cause. Unable to do this, he was forced to abandon his long cherished plan; and he yielded to the inevitable, returned to Detroit and accepted the offer of peace.

In 1769, Pontiac visited Fort St. Louis, then commanded by St. Ange, formerly in command at Fort Chartres, and while there the Illinois Indians were indulging in some kind of festivities on the opposite side of the river. The commandant urged the Ottawa chieftain not to go over, but Pontiac ignored the advice and went across to the other side. He went into the forest to perform some mystic rite of his cult, and he was stealthily followed by another Indian who had been hired by a British trader to assassinate the chief, for a barrel of whiskey. As Pontiac was kneeling upon the ground building a little fire of twigs, the hired assassin sank his tomahawk into his victim's skull, killing him instantly.

Pontiac's body lay in a pool of blood where he fell, until St. Ange came over from Fort St. Louis and claimed it. He gave the murdered chieftain a warrior's burial, with mili-

PONTIAC'S UNDOING

tary honors, just outside the fort, and while no monument marked his resting place, the city of St. Louis has grown into its present greatness over his dust.

The Illinois Indians defended the act of the assassin and Pontiac's partisans entered upon a war of extermination against them, from which very few of that tribe escaped with their lives.

At Starved Rock, a remnant of the Illinois tribe found refuge from the Pottawatamies, who had recognized Pontiac's authority, on the top of that great pile of sandstone, where, surrounded by a relentless foe, and without a sufficient supply of food and water, their place of safety proved to be a death trap for starved warriors, their women and children. And the assassination of Pontiac was avenged.

This park extends along the river about four miles, and on land a little beyond it and on the opposite side of the river, was located the Indian village of Kaskaskia in 1672; and the first mission founded in Illinois was established at Kaskaskia in 1675. Here at Starved Rock was once erected a Fort St. Louis as a part of the foundation of a new French Empire,

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

by LaSalle and Tonti; but it was abandoned by the French after the assassination of LaSalle.

A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY

Six miles west of Starved Rock we drove into LaSalle, a town of 12,000 people, in which is located a zinc rolling mill claimed to be the oldest and largest in the world. Here also were located the German-American Portland Cement works, so called before the war, but changed by the exigencies of war times into the LaSalle Portland Cement company. The day after we passed through LaSalle, A. Mitchell Palmer, alien property custodian, took over the plant of this company, doing an annual business of \$3,000,000, so the telegraphic reports of the day announced. LaSalle is also an important coal mining point.

Peru, Illinois, with a population of 8,000, adjoins LaSalle on the west. It is located on the north bank of the Illinois river at the junction with that river, of the Illinois and Michigan canal connecting the river at this point with Lake Michigan at Chicago. River steamers navigate the Illinois river as far up as Peru, in all its stages. And this is the town where Esther Morris

A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY

married her husband, John Morris, who was a merchant here, in 1845; and from which town the family removed to South Pass City, Wyoming Territory, in 1869, where she came to be known as the "Mother of Woman's Suffrage."

Passing directly through Peru, Spring Valley and Seatonville, we drove into Princeton, the county seat of Bureau county, just as the good people of the town had set out for the morning services at church. Rain had been a daily visitor in this section for about a week and the church-going people were carrying umbrellas that morning.

When we referred to this town as our "immediate objective," and named it "Princeton, Ills.," we should have omitted a comma and a period for there proved to be no abbreviation of the ill's we found at Princeton, and the conditions there prompted the Pilot to look upon the proposed route to Davenport with disfavor and to abandon that plan.

We were advised to go north to Sterling and pick up the Lincoln Highway again. This we determined to do and immediately started out not to do it; for, without taking note of the

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

points of the compass, we floundered out into a sea of mud which we navigated several miles—long, deep, car-wrenching, soul-wracking miles of black mud which the wheels brought up by the bucket-full and deposited in most any old place save in the body of the car.

Two men driving a light buggy over the sod at the roadside, told us that "this kind o' goin' " reached out ahead of us 12 or 14 miles that they knew of, and they presumed it continued beyond. After struggling along for a while, we finally reached a piece of comparatively firm sod on a higher and dryer elevation in front of a farm house; and upon this we crawled out of the mud to renew the engine oil supply. While we were thus engaged, the farmer and his man, come out to the fence and informed us that this sea of mud extended for miles and miles; and Pilot took advantage of the hard ground and firm sod in front of the place to make a turn, and headed back to Princeton for a new start and a cure for its "Iills."

SEEKING A TRAIL

The good people of Princeton were returning from Sunday school, when

SEEKING A TRAIL

we arrived on our return, after having struggled through many unnecessary miles of mud and wasting some valuable time "off the road."

In due time and without any punishment comparable with what we had already taken, we drove into Rock Falls and across the river to Sterling, where we were glad to pick up a real "trail" again. We continued on without stopping, and without any further incident or accident we approached the Mississippi river at Fulton, Illinois, crossed over the high bridge to Lyons, Iowa, and a few moments later were at a good hotel in Clinton, for dinner and the night. The record of our mud boat, for such the "Franklin" appeared to be as we drove into the garage at Clinton, was 148 miles for that "Sabbath day's journey."

Clinton, Iowa, is a very attractive city with a population of 26,000. Lyons, at the bridge-head, joins it on the north, and to the casual observer, the two towns appear as one. From the center of the bridge between Fulton and Lyons, looking to the north or to the south, one enjoys an intensely interesting and far view of the Father of Waters, river banks, bluffs, roll-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ing prairies, modest hills, the towns with their color, the tilled fields, luxuriant foliage and some woodland.

At Clinton, along the river bank, the making of what promises to become a splendid public park has been well begun. The city has one or two other parks, fine streets and slightly public buildings and attractive and well-kept homes by scores.

After having Sunday's accumulation of mud removed from the car, on Monday morning, August 19, at 10 o'clock, the Pilot resumed his seat at the wheel and rolled the car out on the trail for another day's drive, with some degree of confidence, for we had been promised an absence of mud after the first few miles out, and but little trouble under any circumstances.

We soon ran into the hardened or hardening records of recent heavy going, and were interested in reading from the records of the troubles of this or that car; the fearful lurches and slides of the big fellow and the deep, wiggling trail of the small tire on the little fellow; the place where the ditch almost got another—all sorts of adventures written on the drying mud. And here, of course we found prominently displayed the fa-

OUT OF THE MUD

miliar sign, "Avoid Ruts and Be a Friend to Good Roads!"

The Observer never really appreciated what a thoroughly consistent and enthusiastic "friend of good roads" the Pilot was, before he saw him that morning working the wheel back and forth and around unceasingly and with some mighty sudden jerks, in his sweat-starting struggle to carry out the appeal of that sign. Sometimes in spite of his struggles, the treacherous clay would crumble and down into the depths of the to-be-avoided rut the wheels would drop with a chug! And the expression on the Pilot's face—and lips—was evidence conclusive that he had not intentionally ignored the posted instruction.

OUT OF THE MUD

However, we were soon past the reminders of some body's troubles in the mud, and making good time over improving roads. We entered Cedar Rapids along its "First Avenue," which the Lincoln Highway utilized across the city; and a splendidly paved street and beautiful drive it was, indeed, in a city noted for fine pavements, excellent boulevards and nu-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

merous civic beauty spots. Cedar Rapids is located on the Red Cedar River and has a population of 35,000.

From Cedar Rapids we pushed on to Marshalltown, the seat of Marshall county, with a population of 17,000, arriving there at 6 o'clock that evening after a drive of 179 miles.

The wonderful crop showing, especially as to corn and oats, which was noticeable in Illinois on the preceeding Saturday, was observable along the route across Illinois and into Iowa to Marshalltown. It was also observable through Illinois that there had been so many recent replacements of old farm houses with new structures, together with other new farm buildings, that newness seemed to be the rule and made a wonderful showing of rural prosperity. In Iowa we began to find these new farm houses in the building; and, parked around the house under construction, there generally were three or four automobiles for the transportation of the carpenters from their work to their homes. Indeed, the automobile was as common, and seemed to be considered as necessary an adjunct to the farm equipment, as the farm wagon—and they were not all "flivers."

THE SEVENTH DAY

THE SEVENTH DAY

Marshalltown, Iowa, is not an ancient city. We are told that one Henry Anson first built his home there in 1851, and that was the very beginning of the town. Ten or a dozen years later quite a community must have centered around the Anson home, for a thousand and more soldiers were sent from the town to support the Union in the War of the Rebellion. The Iowa State soldiers' home is located at Marshalltown now.

In the course of the Mormon hegira from Nauvoo, a large party of Brigham Young's followers passed a winter at what is now called "Mormon Ridge," near the present city of Marshalltown; and the severity of the winter and lack of food laid a heavy toll of lives upon them before they were able to resume their long trek. That, of course, was prior to Anson's location.

As a matter of fact, one branch or schism of the Mormon church has its headquarters at Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa, today. It is known as the "Reorganized Church of Christ of the

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

Latter Day Saints, and claims to be one in succession to that founded by Joseph Smith. It is shown by government statistics to have 565 organizations, 1,200 ministers and 58,941 members. There is a church of this schism in Brooklyn and another, of the Utah church, in New York.

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that the Mormon church is a product of the Empire State. It is even so. Joseph Smith, the "Revelator," and founder of the church, was born in a little log house located upon the line between the towns of Royalton and Sharon, in Windsor county, Vermont, and in that part of the house actually in Sharon. The place was the homestead of his mother's father, Solomon Mack.

In 1815, the elder Smith removed to Palmyra in Wayne county, New York, and Joseph accompanied him. At the age of fifteen, he has been described as being an odd appearing lad, barefooted and dressed in a tow frock and trousers; and he was then frequently engaged in finding hidden springs for the farmers upon their farms over in Seneca county. And at that age, according to his own statements, he had already entertained serious ideas con-

JOSEPH SMITH

cerning a future state and experienced occasional "ecstasies."

JOSEPH AND MORONI

In 1823, when young Joseph was in one of these "ecstasies," the "Angel, Moroni" (the name has a familiar sound, but the spelling is strange) visited him and told him a number of things, among which was the statement that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel and an enlightened people when they first came over, possessing a knowledge of God and enjoying his favor; and that their prophets and inspired writers had kept a record of their proceedings and everything, and these records had been safely deposited for subsequent discovery. If Joseph remained "faithful," he was to be the one to dig them up.

On the following day, he and Moroni went out to the hill, "Cumorah"—at Palmyra, according to one statement, but at Manchester in an adjoining county, according to another—and the records were discovered to him, snugly stowed away in a stone chest, Moroni wouldn't let him have them at that time, but held them back until some time in September, four years later,

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

when he finally delivered them into Joseph's hands.

The records were engraved in small, neatly cut characters on plates of metal resembling gold, 7 x 8 inches in size and "thinner than a sheet of tin." They were held by three rings passed through them at one edge, forming a book about six inches thick. With the record was furnished a pair of spectacles consisting of "two transparent stones, clear as crystal and set in two rims of a bow;" and they were called "Urim and Trummin."

It is claimed by one local writer that after the bundle of plates and pair of crystal pebbles had been handed over to Joseph Smith, he brought them into Seneca county, to the home of Peter Wilmer in the village of Fayette, and went to work with Urim and Trummin there; and as he announced his translation from time to time, "in a strong baritone voice," his "scribe," Oliver Courdnay, put it in writing.

About this time appeared a more modern "Angel" in the form of Martin Harris, a farmer, who undertook to finance the publication of the Book of Mormon. A large edition was printed by an Ohio concern, Harris having

BRIGHAM YOUNG

mortgaged his farm to raise the cash necessary to liquidate the bill. As a mere incident growing out of the transaction, we are told Harris lost his farm and his wife, too.

The first Mormon church was organized May 6, 1830, at the home of Peter Wilmer at Fayette, by Joseph Smith. There were seven members including the founder, as follows: Joseph Smith, "Revelator" and founder; Oliver Courdnay, the "scribe;" Hyrum Smith, brother of Joseph; Martin Harris, the financial "Angel;" Peter Wilmer, at whose home the Book of Mormon was prepared; Samuel H. Smith and David Wilmer. The first Mormon "conference" was subsequently held on the shore of Cayuga lake.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

About this time Joseph Smith first met Brigham Young. He was one of five sons of John Young of Tyrone in Schuyler county, N. Y., and he often came over into Seneca county to help the farmers in their harvest fields; and he was admitted to the new church fellowship there.

Some years later, after the killing of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, by the mob at Nauvoo, Illinois, Brig-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ham Young was chosen Seer; and he led his people into their western Zion. He was one of the foremost advocates of polygamy, and it is insisted by the "Josephites," claiming more closely to follow the teachings of the founder of the church, that Brigham Young was the originator of the idea of countenancing and encouraging polygamy as a part of the church polity.

Of course there is always some crepe hanger aching to spoil a good story, and there is no exception to the rule in this case. It is claimed that there is every reason to believe that a clergyman named Spaulding, wrote the Book of Mormon in 1812 or about that time; and that Joseph Smith having come into possession of this child of the Rev. Spaulding's imaginative mind, adopted it as his own, not legally perhaps, but very effectively, and passed it out as a new Revelation.

Despite our individual belief and opinions as to the origin of the Book of Mormon, the church which has been founded upon it, the founder and the early members who established it, the fact still remains that out of its early persecutions, hardships and suffering to the extreme, the organization established by Joseph Smith and his

IOWA

six followers nearly ninety years ago, has grown to a membership approaching half a million, within the United States, and prospered wonderfully.

TRAVERSING IOWA

We drove out of Marshalltown on the morning of our seventh day on the road, at 8:15, and continued our course westerly through the middle of Iowa. The State of Iowa is made up of nine tiers of counties extending easterly and westerly across the state, with great regularity save as to a few counties on the eastern side, along the Mississippi river. Our course extended westerly through the fifth tier—counting from top or bottom—entirely across the state, save only one county, Monona.

Traveling thus from Marshalltown, we passed through five county seats, Nevada, Boone, Jefferson and Denison in the fifth tier, and Logan in Harrison county, through which we traveled on a southwesterly course from Denison to Missouri Valley. From the latter town we continued south to Council Bluffs. Aside from the latter city with its population of 30,700, and Boone with 11,000 people, these were all small towns averaging 2,600 in

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

population, but, withal, live and thrifty community centers of a great agricultural area.

It was especially noticeable in the towns of Iowa through which we passed, of the class just enumerated, that almost without exception, the trail we were traveling led us through a crossing of broad streets or into a village square, in the center of which was planted a flag pole, (a "liberty" pole as some of us remember the term from our childhood) and from its top, Old Glory, brilliant in the sunlight, was rippling on the breeze.

And we frequently ran upon drill squads, columns, platoons and all that sort of thing, made up from the boys of the schools or the towns or both, going through military evolutions under the direction of earnest, snappy drill masters; and it was to be noted that the commands were obeyed invariably with an air of quick appreciation and seriousness, too. It had come to be purposeful work rather than a possibly useful recreation.

THE TRAIL OF BLOOD

What do you think of this? Our ride from Sterling, Illinois to Council Bluffs, Iowa, developed a weird and

THE TRAIL OF BLOOD

startling fact. The Lincoln Highway, a modern replacement of the Overland trail, has kept to the traditions of the past. Although the official "blaze" consists of three alternate bands of red, white and blue with a blue L on the white band, its course is also gruesomely marked with a constantly refreshed trail of blood—from uncounted chickens, ducks, geese and other domestic fowls and animals, ruthlessly killed through the wanton recklessness of some drivers who really seem to enjoy the Jugger-naut act—as drivers, of course.

The Observer attempted to keep tally of the dead scattered along the Lincoln Highway through Iowa, but it soon ran into the "many others" and "too many to mention" classes, and he gave it up. There were hens, chickens, ducks and geese galore and the last victim we noted was a brindled bull dog on our way into Council Bluffs.

At one place a big, high-powered touring car, driven as if the de'il were after it, (ahead of us), plowed through a waddling party of ducks. Four of them were freshly mangled and flattened out on the road as we passed the spot; and a young woman standing

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

at the farmhouse gate near by, was wiping the tears from her eyes, heart broken.

Much work was being done on the trail in western Iowa, between Marshalltown and Council Bluffs. New bridges were being built, all of concrete; and a number were to replace others erected not many years previously, but which were insufficiently footed to permanently stand in the deep, black loam saturated with the flood waters of spring. They had settled, crumbled and collapsed.

A ROAD MACHINE

Immense tractors, the approach of which would threaten destruction to an average country bridge "down east," were scattered along the way, together with much machinery peculiarly adapted to the soil conditions of that country and the work to be accomplished.

One machine in particular, was noted as it was engaged in slicing the earth from the bank above a gutter, like cutting cheese, to carry the grade back to the lot line, while a traveling conveyor, part of the same machine, was taking the earth away in a continual stream, to a point above the

A ROAD MACHINE

center of the roadway and dropping it there.

It was all done as easily as a corn-cutting machine takes the corn stalks fed to it and conveys the prepared product to the silo; or as a thresher eats up the bundles of oats, separates the grain and conveys the straw to the top of the stack. But the road machine did not have to be fed; it was going against its work all the time, leaving its trail of earth in the center of the road.

We found acquaintances we had never dreamed of and many friendly strangers. Of the former, the most noticeable were to be found among the young Americans who, more generally than their elders, knew and could call the passing motor cars by name. "Ah, there, you Franklin!" was a greeting from the school boys, varied in wording sometimes, but frequent those boys. There was no "freshness" quently heard.

And they were shrewd little fellows, in the manner of one, we recall, who lightly swung himself on the running board of the car as the Pilot slowed up at a curve, when the boy proffered the information that we could avoid a drive of several blocks through the

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

business section and save some time by "going right down this street," and coming out onto the main trail again after it had made the big turn. The Pilot took advantage of the information, cut out the swing through the town, saved some travel and time and—the boy had an opportunity to gratify his curiosity about the instrument board, and a ride home!

A WESTERN HOLD-UP

Driving into Council Bluffs, we were soon speeding over the long, straight, paved way to the bridge end, for a crossing over the Missouri river to Omaha. Time was when Council Bluffs was the eastern terminal of the Union Pacific railroad both de facto and de jure. Then west bound passengers detrained from the connecting eastern lines at the terminal station at Council Bluffs, passed through the station and entrained on the waiting Union Pacific coaches made up by the long train sheds, extending out toward the river, if they were day coach passengers; or waited the transfer of their cars, if they were through Pullman patrons.

At that time Omaha was simply an important station on the other side of

A WESTERN HOLD-UP

the river, righteously ashamed of the most disreputable station on the line of the U. P. Times have changed, however, and the relative positions of the two cities have changed, also. Now the passenger from the east is laid down, but not necessarily held up, in Omaha.

The Pilot and Observer were held up at the Council Bluffs end of the great bridge, and by a Nebraskan, too. It happened directly after the bridge toll had been paid over to the guard entitling us to the right of way.

Nebraska was the most arid of all the agricultural states while Iowa was yet enjoying a wet season. Thirsty Nebraskans on the Omaha side were sending out great waves of soul yearnings across the "Big Muddy," and the accommodating Bluffites would fane respond, but the stern voice of the Commonwealth said, **Nay**.

Every individual with bulging pockets, unusual bundles or heavy, small grips, and all strange motorists, westward bound, were looked upon with suspicion as probably bootleggers. That suspicion had to be satisfied or d spelled, and the excise officer standing by the side of the guard when we had paid his toll, indicated to us that

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

he desired us to wait, and became mildly inquisitive.

He was not offensively so, however. So we just threw the doors wide open and invited him to go to it and take his own time about it; only asking that he would let us get over in time for dinner that evening, as we had traveled far and were ahungered if not athirst.

Evidently we were too willing, for he just told us to beat it. And we did. After traveling 231 miles that day, we were at our hotel at 6:30, 1,453 miles and one week from the Dudley creek bridge at Lisle.

OMAHA

As we were approaching Council Bluffs before coming over to Omaha, a turn in the road brought us out from behind a ridge which had been limiting our vision, and we came into a more comprehensive view of the valley of the Missouri. Then the Pilot, scanning the sky in the west, saw some things out of the ordinary, floating high in the air over the Nebraska side. "Airplanes!" was the first exclamation.

But they did not correspond with the specifications, were not in proper

OMAHA

formation for flight and were apparently motionless. They were box kites or something on that order—half a dozen of them perhaps—flying high above Fort Omaha. This post is the more recently constructed military establishment and located adjacent to the city, on the north side. It has been principally, if not wholly, given over to the signal service as one of its chief experimental stations.

Old Fort Crook, next to the city, on the south, has been maintained as an infantry post. Omaha was the headquarters of the old department of the Missouri, before the present order of things was established; and much of the Indian campaigning of earlier years was directed from this point. Fort Crook was so designated in honor of General Crook, whose record as an Indian fighter has been written into the history of the western frontier.

Omaha is about 65 years old, has from the first, been a great outfitting and trading point; does considerable manufacturing; is one of the largest three stock-yards and meat-packing cities in the country; claims to have the largest smelting and refining works of the kind in the world; and has a population of 133,000. An impor-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

tant trade center and a competing point for several great railroad systems, it is now one of those cities you tally off with the index finger of one hand upon the four fingers of the other, between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast.

LINCOLN

After a night in Omaha and on the morning of August 21st, the Pilot turned the car toward the west again, this time to travel over the Omaha, Lincoln and Denver highway, (blazed, "OLD"), through "Burlington" territory, into Colorado. The heavy black line tracing the route on our map, always west and south, west and south, repeated many times, resembled the outline of a moderately easy pair of stairs, descending which we expected to reach Lincoln, the capitol of the state.

At the outskirts of the city, a detour carried us to the north and over the Lincoln Highway westward for a few miles, when we dropped back again to the "OLD" and continued on to the village of Gretna, Sarpy county, where we stopped at the drug store for a few moments to get in touch with Omaha by telephone. A dozen

LINCOLN

miles more, and we had crossed the Platte river and passed through Ashland, a town of 1,400 people in the southeast corner of Saunders county. Then we covered a five-mile straight-away due south before resuming the usual zig-zag west-south, west-south course into Lincoln.

While we did not stop at that city longer than was necessary to take on gas for the car and lunch for ourselves, it may be observed in passing, that Lincoln has been the capitol of Nebraska since 1867, the year of the admission of the state. It has a population of about 46,000, and many state institutions are centered there. Beside the University of Nebraska, several other institutions of advanced education are located there; and a college population of 8,000 is claimed for the city. It is a well kept and attractive town with unusually broad and well paved streets.

Lincoln is a prairie town located on no stream of commercial importance. Salt creek is its only water course, and that is figuratively navigable only for disappointed political aspirants. There are many saline springs and a large salt lake in the immediate vicinity of the city, Lin-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

coln is strong on butter and chickens—claims to have the largest creamery in the wide, wide world, and to buy and sell more live poultry than any other market in the country. This may account for the fact that while we had seen some dead pigs and things, marking the trail west of the Missouri river, no chickens or other poultry were observable scattered along the way.

A SIMOOM

In leaving Lincoln in Lancaster county, and travelling to Hastings, county seat of Adams county, we drove south 17 miles in going west 85 miles; passed through eight villages and towns ranging from 350 to 1,700 in population; and covered four straight stretches running due west, averaging 17 miles each, out of the entire distance of 102 miles.

We had entered upon the Nebraska sector of the great corn belt during the prevalence of a terribly blasting simoon. We had already reached the edge of the affected district when we were 20 or 25 miles from Council Bluffs as we drove down the Missouri valley toward that city. The seared mark of its presence had been burned

A SIMOOM

into the fields of corn at many places along the way.

It was August, and the temperature in the late afternoon when we crossed the Missouri to Omaha, did not impress us as being unusual for the season; but in the city, the hot wave rolling in from the south was a subject for conversation.

Nebraska was fourth among the corn producing states in 1917, with a yield of nearly a quarter of a billion bushels of corn. This hot wind rushing up from the Gulf over Kansas and dropping down upon the miles upon miles of half matured fields in Nebraska, was wiping out millions upon millions of bushels of corn and entailing a loss to the Nebraska farmers of an enormous amount of money.

That morning, after we had driven out of the city into the open and passed over the rather broken country between the town and the crossing of the Platte river, and had commenced our generally southwest course to Lincoln we began to feel somewhat of the force of that dry, hot, south wind, accentuated as it was by our own speed diagonally against it.

Our course was through an almost

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

exclusively corn-growing country. We saw little else in the fields, with the exception of some alfalfa which was being cut, cured and stacked. As the sun rose and passed the meridian the heat became more intense and the wind increased. It was neither a soothing zephyr nor a cooling breeze. It was a veritable simoom.

Out of Lincoln we were in the glare of it and the withering, parching, searing effect of it. We passed hundreds and hundreds, into the thousands, of acres of standing corn, as dead and bleached and whitened as any bunch of stalks you have ever seen standing out through late autumn's frosts and rains and winter's snows and ice—juiceless, lifeless, crackling, fantastic, flapping things above a gray-husked, half matured ear of corn, broken down and trailing in the dust below.

WAS IT HOT?

The housewife has sometime opened the door of an empty, over-heated oven and felt the hot blast of air in her face and still remembers the sensation of it. The man of the house may sometime have been called upon to fight a hot fire at close quarters;

WAS IT HOT?

and will understand. That continual, hot, driving wind was as withering and exhausting in its effect upon animal life as it was upon the corn. One didn't perspire. Perspiration was licked up so instantly by that kiln-dried wind that it anticipated production. It was hot and burning upon one's face; there was no life in it as it entered one's lungs. One could almost feel the skin of his face drawn, become leathery and hardened and he expectantly listened to hear it crack.

Of course it was hot. We were at the top of a modest hill and the Pilot had the engine hood up for the purpose of feeding the mechanism more oil, when our attention was attracted by a great, rushing roar like a steam exhaust, to a touring car manned by a young woman in her 'teens at the foot of the hill. A trio made up of a man and two women all of whom had arrived at the years of discretion and dignity, spilled themselves rather undignifiedly out of the car into the highway while the young woman at the wheel implored them to "push!"

The elderly ladies seemed inclined to increase the distance between themselves and the roaring radiator; but

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

the gentleman put his shoulder to the car and pushed. Directly the roar grew more terrific and the car began to crawl slowly up the hill to the top where it was halted until the erst-while passengers had walked up to it. A spring of ice cold water would have looked mighty good to the driver of that car for the nonce.

AN EVENING'S DRIVE

We arrived at Hastings at about 6 o'clock in the evening and dined; after which "the cool of the evening" seemed so inviting and so much to be preferred to hot, stuffy rooms, that the Observer suggested a farther drive; and the Pilot assented and headed the car out for Holdredge, seat of Phelps county, 60 miles away. Darkness was soon upon us and the headlights were turned on for the first time during the trip.

Somewhere, shortly after we left Hastings that night, we crossed the trail of Mr. Edwin Bryant and his party, who came up the Big Blue and crossed over to the Grand Island of the Platte river, to continue their way up that stream to old Fort Laramie, (which was then a trading post only and not a military station), and thence

THE FRIEND IN NEED

over the mountains into California, which was then a part of Mexico. The trail was made in June, 1846, but we must have crossed it.

At a quarter after 11 that night we drew up to the hotel at Holdredge, after a total drive of 253 miles, and found very comfortable accommodations for ourselves; but because of the lateness of the hour, we were constrained to accept the invitation of the hotel management to park our car for the night in the open by the side of the hotel.

The following morning we had breakfasted and were off at 7:45, dropping down to Oxford on the Republican river, which stream we followed to McCook, county seat of Red Willow county and a town of about 4,000 population. Thence we continued up the valley of Frenchman's Fork northwest into Chase county, Nebraska, and over to Holyoke, Phelps county, Colorado, and on to Sterling, county seat of Logan county, on the west side of the South Platte river.

THE FRIEND IN NEED

While yet in Nebraska, we had seen a threatening storm cloud in the north-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

west, draw near and nearer as we rushed on; and we had escaped from a parched and burning agricultural country to an arid region blessed with mud, where the storm cloud had evidently passed and opened its heart before we arrived.

Nice, rich, greasy gumbo it was, wet up in a freshly worked road; but the Pilot buckled down to it and was plowing through all right, holding to the ridge of the road, when we came up with Mr. Engrin, more familiarly known as "Bob" Engrin, of the sports page of the New York Evening World. He was accompanied by Mrs. Engrin and their young son, and traveling across the continent in a "Franklin" Sedan. He was off the center of the road, struggling against the insistent attraction of gravitation toward the ditch—and he lost out.

It was simply an engineering proposition. The chains were in the car rather than on the wheels; there was not a pebble, much less a sizeable rock or flat stone in the township; there were no fences and fence posts and boards were unknown quantities and there was no human habitation within the range of vision. There were jacks for raising the car, but no foot-

THE MOUNTAINS

ing for them in the mud; however, there was a reserve of human patience, perseverance and some ingenuity, while the country was full of unharvested tumble weeds. These weeds, matted under the wheels, afforded them something to take hold of, the car rolled itself out into the roadway and the journey was resumed without further incident.

THE MOUNTAINS

We were drawing nearer to our chief objective. For some hours we had been gazing into the cerulean vault which arched over the shadowy, purple mountains silhouetted on the western horizon, when we drove across the bridge over the South Platte river into Sterling, Colorado, at 7:15 that evening, after a drive of 265 miles. There we were well fed and comfortably housed for the night.

And on the following morning at 7:45 we were on the road again, driving up the river (southwest) to Fort Morgan, and thence westerly, (still up the river), to Greeley, continually looking over valleys that were veritably blooming as the rose—irrigated lands which were principally growing alfalfa, beets and beans. Villages and towns were liberally scattered about

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

in the picture; and great factory stacks, rising above the trees, marked the locations of a number of large sugar plants. Everything and everybody seemed to be thoroughly alive and thriving. We crossed, recrossed and paralleled irrigation canals and ditches running more water than a large proportion of the streams noted on our maps.

At noon we drove into Greeley, county seat of Weld county, a city of 10,000 people in a colony established many years ago, largely through the influence of the New York Tribune. It was named in honor of Horace Greeley, the founder of the paper, and who was an early advocate of the practicability of reclaiming these, so called, arid lands of the west, by irrigation.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Driving north from Greeley, we soon passed beyond the irrigated zone, but were yet within the limits of cultivated lands and a productive soil, with evidences of successful farming on every side—the work of the “dry farmer.” “Dry farmer” is a term which does not stand for an agriculturist cultivating an inordinate personal thirst, but rather, for a farmer who

THEN AND NOW

succeeds in finding and conserving in the soil sufficient moisture to satisfy plant life therein, without resorting to artificial means of distributing water over the lands. There was a time when the "dry farmer" was looked upon as a sort of a joke in that section of the country; but, instead of the laugh, he is getting the glad hand now.

By mid-afternoon we had driven up on the bluffs south of the Crow creek valley, overlooking Cheyenne in the distance; and at 3 o'clock, Friday afternoon, August 23rd, we had made the day's drive of 175 miles, and arrived at Cheyenne, Wyoming, 10 days and 2,163 miles from the Dudley creek bridge in Lisle, New York.

With a daily average of 216 miles, the long drive over all kinds of roads was accomplished without an accident and with no engine difficulties or tire troubles of any kind—without even a puncture.

THEN AND NOW

Cheyenne was 12 years old when the Observer first arrived in Wyoming in the spring of 1879, and the Territory had been organized about 10 years. The Pilot appeared on the scene two or three years later.

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

If the Pilot and Observer had driven into Cheyenne from the south then, as they did nearly 40 years later, they would have come out on the bluffs south of Crow creek and gazed across the valley upon an aggregation of low buildings, compactly built only as to a small area, and scattered rather loosely over the bench as to the remainder. The gradual slope of the land toward the creek valley was sufficient to give the town, from that point of view, a flat, dun background against which the structural units did not stand out very sharply defined.

Northwest of the city, upon the edge of the same bench, the buildings of Camp Carlin, ordnance depot and pack train headquarters, served as a rather hazy hyphen between Cheyenne and Fort D. A. Russell located a little farther beyond. The low, weatherstained buildings of Fort Russell also hugged close to the surrounding prairie. Camp Carlin long since was abandoned; but Fort Russell has been rebuilt into a brigade post and one of the most modern, complete and up to date military establishments in the country.

There were already three lines of railroad then. One, the Union Pacific,

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

traversed the city, cutting a wide swath from side to side, then as now. Another line, the Denver Pacific, had its independent passenger and freight stations about midway of the town south of the Union Pacific. A third line, the Colorado Central, swung in from the south to a connection with U. P. at Hazzard, up the hill a few miles west of Cheyenne, and its trains ran into town over the U. P. tracks. In fact this road had been built to give the Union Pacific access to the Denver field. The distance to Denver was 106 miles by one line and 112 by the other, and the fare was \$10 one way, over either line.

Of course 40 years have made great changes in the railroad situation in Cheyenne. Both the Denver Pacific and the Colorado Central are memories only, in so far as Cheyenne is concerned. But the Union Pacific now has a line from Kansas City, through Kansas and Colorado by the way of Denver to a junction at Cheyenne, with the main line from Council Bluffs and Omaha, which continues westward by connecting lines to the Pacific coast at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle.

The Burlington line built into Chey-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

enne from the east, and a combination of Northern Pacific, Burlington, and Colorado Southern interests together with the building of many miles of new track in Colorado and Wyoming have completed a through line from Seattle on Puget Sound to Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico, known as "the Sound to the Gulf route," which still more definitely places Cheyenne on the railroad map.

When the Observer arrived in Cheyenne in 1879, there was but one regular passenger train each way each day over the Union Pacific main line; and but one passenger train each way each day over each of the lines to Denver.

FINE BUILDINGS

Cheyenne of that day had one three-story building, the old Inter Ocean Hotel, a brick structure erected by a colored man of means, named Ford, in 1875. The investment was not a fortunate one for Ford and the property passed out of his hands and through various managements until December 18, 1916, when the building was gutted by a fire which took a toll of lives—five, a mother and her four children.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Cheyenne man of vision, who has faith in his town, does things and succeeds, acquired the Inter Ocean property, razed the walls, cleared the site and has now in course of completion, despite the trying times of the past year, a splendid, modern office building of steel and concrete and fire proof which will be something of a skyscraper and in a class by itself.

Across from the old Inter Ocean on the east side of Hill street (now Capitol avenue), was located Abney's livery stable and corral a frame building subsequently replaced by a brick structure. Mr. Abney was a member of the first legislative assembly of the new Territory in 1869. This corner is now occupied by the five-story office building of the First National Bank of Cheyenne, and in which that bank has its quarters.

Mortimer E. Post, banker, was located on Ferguson street (now Carey avenue), between 16th and 17th and after ward built a new block for his bank at the corner of Ferguson and 17th streets, now used as quarters for a recently organized trust company. Forty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Post lived in one of the tiniest of the little frame houses first erected in

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

Cheyenne, located at the corner of 17th and Hill streets, and that site is now occupied by the handsome and unique stone bank building erected for the exclusive use of the Stock-growers' National Bank.

A dwelling which once housed the Observer in the course of his newspaper career in Cheyenne, stood on the southwest corner of 18th and Ferguson streets; but it is not there now. In its stead rises the six-story bank and office building in which is housed the Citizens' National Bank of Cheyenne.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

On the opposite corner on the north side of 18th street stood the old Episcopal church and back of it a lumber yard. A sign board extended out across the sidewalk from the lumber yard, supported by posts at either end; and on the upper edge of the sign board at about its middle was a peculiar crease. That crease was made by a rope and there was a noose at one end of it and the noose was under the chin of a man. The other end of the rope was in the grasp of a number of strong, willing, even eager, hands pulling the rope taut and tauter over the sign board, in course of which

THEN AND NOW

that peculiar crease was made. It was a rather primitive way of compelling the man in the noose to give up information he was believed to possess concerning the murder of a young woman shot on the street near by.

The Episcopal church was a temporary, mission sort of a structure, finished with boards, upright and cleated; and the Rectory, adjoining was of similar material and architecture and even larger than the church. Adjoining the Rectory was a dwelling house or two; and then, on the corner of 18th and Eddy (now Pioneer avenue), was located Recreation Hall.

Recreation Hall was a plain, one-story, brick building with a dancing floor inside and a stage at the rear. Here entertainment, histrionic and terpsichorean, was staged and public meetings housed—until it was sold and converted into a livery stable; but the church and Rectory, dwellings and hall, and the lumber yard with the rope-creased sign, are all gone. On that half block the Government has erected a stately edifice of native sandstone for the accommodation of the Federal Courts, the post-office and various other Federal offices.

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ALL FROM LISLE

On Eddy, between 16th and 17th streets, was located H. H. Ellis' bakery and confectionery wherein five young men from Lisle, N. Y., including the Pilot and Observer, found employment at one time or another. Mr. Ellis changed his location to another section of the business district before his death, and the business has been continued by his son.

Of those five Lisle boys, two are on the west coast and two are in the east; but one, Edward A. Reed, died in California some years ago and his body was brought to Cheyenne and laid away in the Silent City overlooking the town and growing with it apace. And there are others of his native townspeople who keep him company there.

The establishment of Fort Russell by the Government and the platting of Cheyenne by the railroad company, at or near the crossing of Crow creek by the Union Pacific railroad, created great excitement in the older city of

ALL FROM LISLE

Denver; for Denver was an interior town at the base of the Rocky Mountains, to be reached from the east only after hundreds of miles of travel across the plains by horse, emigrant wagon or stage coach. There was no tangible prospect of any change in this respect.

W. D. Pease at an early day in its history, was postmaster at Denver, but he, too, was caught by the excitement and came over to Cheyenne City on the crest of the wave from the south. Forty years ago Mr. Pease was senior partner in the firm of Pease & Taylor, grocers, with the firm of Whipple & Hay, also grocers, occupying the "Stone Front" block between 16th and 17th street on Ferguson. (This block has recently been added to and rebuilt into the "New Princess Theatre.") Ephraim B. and Caroline Pease, his wife, parents of W. D. Pease, and their daughter, Virgie Pease, married, Underwood, once living on the farm at Pease Hill, beyond Caldwell Settlement, became residents of Cheyenne. All four of them now rest in the shade of the sheltering trees and among the flowers of Lake View.

A splendid, five-story modern hotel, the Plains, the construction and fit-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ting of which represent an investment of a quarter of a million of dollars, has arisen on the northwest corner of Central avenue and 16th street (now Lincoln Way), where in the early years stood the residence and office of Dr. Graham and other equally ancient buildings. The lobby of the Plains has become the citizens' club where the townspeople and up-state guests meet daily, socially and for business consultations.

OLD JEWELRY

In the lobby of the Plains, the Observer was looking over the day's news. He was wearing in his tie that morning a scarf pin which had been presented to him in March, 1886, by the members of the House of the ninth legislative assembly of Wyoming Territory. The pin had been purchased from the stock of a jeweler who had passed his 21st birthday in Cheyenne and has been engaged in the watch maker's and jeweler's business in Wyoming for 50 years.

There in the lobby of the Plains, the Observer and Jeweler met, so many years after the presentation referred to. The greetings were: "How do you do, Dave?" "Why, how do you do, Frank?—Ah, the pin! Wonderful!"

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

The recognition of a piece of jewelry he had sold out of stock 32 years before was as quick as his memory of the face of the one who had received it, and whose daily associations with him had only been interrupted for, say, ten years.

But to continue a comparison of the then and now of Cheyenne in detail would "make a book." Cheyenne of 40 years ago was a boisterous youngster just arriving at his 'teens. As a town it was "all night and wide open." The sale of liquors, wines and beer and the conduct of games of chance were both licensed under the law, and there were many people engaged in both. It was very much of a free and easy with certain commonly accepted limitations. But a most rediculously small police force was sufficient to preserve order and crime was at no time rampant.

Out of those early conditions has grown the largest little city of its size in the whole country, good to look upon with its fine and numerous schools, churches, libraries, public buildings, parks, business houses, theatres, hotel accommodations, and above all, its splendid homes. With an

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

ample and healthful water supply, for all purposes, a paid fire department and a dependable lighting system, and other advantages altogether "too numercus to mention," the contrast between then and now is mighty satisfying to one whose best years have entered into the daily life of the Magic City.

After a fortnight at Cheyenne, (save only the Pilot's rail trip to the coast and back), on Sunday morning, September 8, the car was turned to the south and the Pilot and Observer negotiated the distance to Denver, via Fort Collins without incident other than a few moments conversation with a member of the Colorado State constabulary at his camp just over the Wyoming-Colorado line, set there for the interception of bootleggers unlawfully engaged in bringing booze into dry Colorado.

And we dined and passed the night in Denver.

DENVER

In June, 1859, Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, arrived at Denver on the Pike's Peak stage from Leavenworth, Kansas. At that time there were two rival "cities" on

DENVER

Cherry creek—Denver on the one side, an infant of six months; and Auraria on the opposite bank, already a yearling. There were a hundred houses or more in these two towns, all small, unfloored and built of cottonwood logs cut nearby, along the South Platte. The "Pike's Peak or bust" excitement was already subsiding and some prospectors, discouraged and pessimistic, maintained that there was no gold in the Rocky Mountains and returned to the States. Denver survived, however, absorbed its rival across the stream and was definitely put on the map.

About 25 years later, Denver, capital of the Centennial State, had arrived at the proportions, and taken on the habiliments and air, of a city. She had achieved the Windsor hotel, the Tabor Grand opera house, Charepiot's restaurant and was staging a Mining Exposition of some pretensions, which was started off right with a much advertised "Business Men's barbecue," to which the world was invited.

"Long John" Arkins was managing the News, Eugene Field had been lured from St. Joe, Mo., and was attached to the Tribune, writing his

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

"Primer" and other things, mostly in the lighter vein.

"Bill Nye," of the Boomerang, and the Observer, then with the Cheyenne Leader, chose that time to descend upon Colorado's congested capital. Finding themselves crowded out at the Windsor, they did find sleeping accommodations in the sky parlor under the mansard roof of the old Markham hotel, ate water melon and things at Charepiot's saw Frank Mordaunt in "Old Shipmates" at the Tabor Grand and had a roundup with Field and others later in the evening. Some city—but a bicycle was somewhat of a curiosity then, and automobile was an unused word.

The Pilot and Observer rolled into Denver from Cheyenne nearly 60 years after Horace Greeley, at the end of 650 miles of stage travel from Leavenworth, first spread his blankets on the rough board slats of a rudely constructed bedstead in the "Denver House," in uncomfortable proximity to two monte games running night and day in the public room adjoining. But the Pilot and Observer rolled into a lively city of a quarter of a million of people, possessing all the advantages and attractions a modern city of

IN THE RAIN

that size stands for and—very much more.

COLORADO SPRINGS

On Monday afternoon, September 9, at 2:45, we left our hotel on Broadway, continuing our journey toward the foot of Pike's Peak and arrived at our hotel at Colorado Springs at 7:30 in the evening. We ran into a rain storm, and the last half of the afternoon's drive was through a more or less driving rain; but the sandy road was improved if anything, by the storm, and while the incident was not favorable to scenic display, it did not seriously detract otherwise from the pleasure of the drive—and there was plenty of scenery left over for another day.

The rain through which we drove into Colorado Springs continued into the night, and extended east to Limon, Colorado, and beyond, 75 or 80 miles away. On the mountains it had been snow and an extra coat of white had been thrown over Pike's Peak. This dissipated the Pilot's plan for driving the car to the top of the mountain.

An auto highway has been constructed from 20 to 50 feet wide, on an average grade of 7 per cent. with a max-

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

imum of 10½ per cent. and rising from an altitude of 5,939 feet at Colorado Springs, and 6,336 feet at Manitou, to 14,109 feet at the summit of Pike's Peak in a traveled distance of 30 miles from Colorado Springs.

During the season automobiles make regular trips morning and afternoon, and in July and August, trips are started from the hotels below between one and two o'clock a. m., to reach the summit for sunrise. Private cars, motor cycles, equestrians and pedestrians are permitted the use of the highway upon payment of toll.

Colorado Springs, 35 years ago, had all the possibilities accredited to it by General Palmer, and but few of them had been realized upon. It is altogether different now. Great wealth wrested from the mountains of Colorado, and the men who "wrested" or ultimately "landed" it, have centered there; and the fact is made evident on every side.

AND MANITOU

Through the courtesy of resident friends of the Pilot, we had the pleasure of being driven about Colorado Springs and Manitou by one familiar with the local trails and the attractions they led to and so, in a compar-

AND MANITOU

atively little time, covered much of that interesting field.

General Palmer laid out Colorado Springs and planned Glen Eyrie many years ago. It is now about 35 years since the Observer first visited the town and General Palmer's, even then, beautiful place; tarried with the not altogether agreeable waters of Manitou Springs, sized up the falls, looked into the canons and wandered through the Garden of the Gods. These natural attractions are all there yet on the same old job.

The burro is not now monopolizing the transportation to the summit of Pike's Peak. The cog road first cut into his business, but now one may ride to the summit above the clouds over an easy trail in all the luxury and comfort of his own town car. The mountain, Manitou, has been put into the game with an "incline" up to his crest. New drives and foot paths have been built and additional "parks" brought into the string of attractions. Hotels have grown larger and become more numerous; stores and restaurants abound, and dwellings are perched in all sorts of unlooked for places, as well as along the cramped and crooked streets. And they do say,

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

many people live in Manitou the winter through, sometimes in, often on, and frequently under the snow.

The driver of our friend's car was an experienced and dependable chauffeur, quiet and imperturbable, and with a sense of humor withal; but not beyond putting one over on the traffic cop, perhaps, when the chance is inviting. We had been out toward Ute Pass, indulged in a drink of the waters artificially improved with added ingredients, stopped at several of the curio shops and were about to set out on our return to Colorado Springs.

A trolley car, townward bound, stopped ahead of us and was taking on a crowd sufficiently large to block the right side of the street at that point; the "wrong" side was clear and free from other traffic. Our driver sized up the situation as he approached and let his car swing on by—or was about to do so—when an active little customer under a slouch hat, trouser legs in his boot tops and a burnished piece of small hardware on his breast, rushed from among the people on the curb, and called on us to stop.

MANITOU

"Dont you see that street car standing there?" he demanded of the driver roughly.

"Yes, sir." Very quietly and inoffensively.

"Well, then, what are you doing on this side of the street?" persisted the officer severely.

"Well, I thought—"

"You know the regulations. Why, I am arresting people right here every day, for doing just this same," continued the officer with undiminished asperity.

"I am very sorry, but—"

"I ought to take you in, right now. Where are you from?" continued the little fellow.

"Pueblo, sir." answered the driver of the automobile, with an immobile face.

"Well, even a man from Pueblo ought to know better than to try to pass that street car on this side of the street. You'd better not let me catch you at it again," and the officer drew aside.

"No, sir; thank you," and the engine turned. "Gee!" said the driver; "if he had happened to see my license, that Pueblo story wouldn't have

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

stuck; and he certainly would have stuck me."

A little dissimulation, now and then, gets by even the policemen. And Manitou gathers in its coin from the tourists from Pueblo and unnumbered other towns at the hotels, shops, booths and the like, not through the police court.

"WALT MASON"

The road reports were not reassuring Wednesday morning, but the Pilot trimmed his car for the first day's drive homeward bound. While doing so, at the garage of the Franklin dealer, we met "Walt Mason," the maker of "Rippling Rhymes," who had returned thus far from his midsummer outing in the mountains at Estes Park. Your "Uncle Walt" was a compactly built man of medium stature and age, dark, quietly direct in speech and philosophically attached to a much blackened pipe of modest proportions.

Although Colorado was a bone-dry state, maintaining armed guards against incursions from the territory of her wet neighbor, Wyoming, the meteorological reports recorded the greatest rain fall in the mountain states last summer in their history for

"WALT MASON"

the same season in the year, and "dry" farmers were growing bumper crops on the tops of sand dunes—perhaps. These conditions account for "Walt Mason's" cogitations on "Perverse Nature," beginning, "The mountains have no valued crops that drouth might put in wrong; and there the rainfall seldom stops the whole blamed summer long;" and concluding, "The ways of Nature bother men, in this strange world of ours; the rocks are soaked and soaked again, while corn fields pant for showers." And they surely did pant—in Nebraska and Kansas.

"Walt Mason" and his wife were traveling in a "Franklin" Sedan, and using an open car of another make for the transportation of their luggage and other equipment. We were to follow the same trail a large part of the way across Kansas, until he should leave it to strike south to Emporia. As we pulled out he asked, "Where do you eat?" We did not know; nor did we "meet up" again.

We started out at 9:45, an uncertain road before us and reports discouraging. We found a passable to fair road, with the exception of a short piece of heavy mud, into Limon, Colorado, 78 miles; and there we ate a midday

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

meal in a little, crowded, fly-infested eating place, and then pulled out for Colby, Kansas.

"PINCHED!"—NOT US

A car immediately ahead of us with three passengers and some camp equipage, was overtaken. The Pilot was not racing across the country, but he wanted a chance to take his usual gait when the road warranted, and he asked for track in the usual way. The stranger declined to relinquish his lead and speeded up, but he did not maintain his speed. When he slowed down he was back on the nose of our car; and again the Pilot asked for the road and again the stranger pulled away. This was repeated and continued over a number of miles, and the leading van was getting quite a head on when we passed Genoa or Bovina or somewhere along there.

The road divided, one branch swinging around through town and the other passing by through the edge of the village. The Pilot slowed up at the forks in doubt, but the leading car kept up its speed straight ahead, and ran, so to speak, into the arms of a long, lank and bewhiskered individual, wildly gesticulating and flourishing a lath,

KANSAS

or yard stick or something like that and shouting at the approaching car. One of the autoists jumped out and a jabberfest began, in the excitement of which, we quietly approached and glided by and out of call almost before the native knew of our presence. The Observer suggested that the Pilot ought to have stopped and thanked the fellows who had held us back for keeping us out of the "trap;" but he wickedly seemed more pleased over their predicament than thankful for our escape.

TRAVERSING KANSAS

We reached Colby, Kansas early in the evening, lunched and decided to continue on down to Oakley. It was quite dark when we reached Oakley; but the evening was delightful, the road inviting and we continued on through a succession of great fields and farms and a half dozen or more villages with their twinkling lights, over bridges and across railroad tracks until we drove into Wakeeney, the county seat of Trego county, at 10 p. m., and found accomodations for the night, 337 miles from Colorado Springs.

Leaving Wakeeney at 8:15 Thurs-

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day morning, we were soon out of Trego county and working our way over the unworked highway across Ellis county, the one county in Kansas wherein the Golden Belt highway had been absolutely neglected. In Elsworth county we passed Kanopolis where are located great salt mines.

We passed through Salina, county seat of Saline county, where earlier in the season, July 29 to August 8, had been held the National Farm Tractor Demonstration for 1918, said to have been the greatest event of the kind to date. 48 manufacturers were represented by 232 tractors which were put through their paces, plowing, disking, harrowing and seeding; and those in attendance on the first day were afforded the opportunity for seeing 250 acres of ground plowed in less than two hours. The grounds were located at or near the intersection of the route we were traveling and a north and south trail called the Meridian route.

After leaving Junction City, once referred to as the "western outpost of civilization"), we drove through Fort Riley and Camp Funston, where the number of soldiers in training during the war had been thousands and some

TRAVERSING KANSAS

thousands were in camp and on the fields at the time of our passing. Thence we drove into Manhattan, seat of Riley county, and dined.

"SHALL AULD ACQUAINTANCE"

At Manhattan we broke away from our main trail on a side trip to Concordia, Cloud county, and drove to Clay Center, county seat of Clay county; where we arrived late that evening and stopped for the night, having traveled 267 miles during the day.

After an early breakfast the following morning, (Friday, September 13), we continued our drive from Clay Center northwest by the way of Clifton, Washington county, and Clyde and arrived at Concordia about 11 o'clock that morning. After enjoying a pleasant two or three hours as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie Atwood, former residents of Lisle, at Killawog, but now for many years in business at Clifton and Concordia, the Pilot and Observer retraced the trail to Manhattan. We continued thence to Topeka where we arrived in a cloud of dust extending out for miles from the city, made by the Kansas farmers and their families escaping in their automobiles from the closing days of

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

the Kansas State Fair and the over-taxed accommodations of a city, where everything was said to be full but the people.

We modestly inquired for accommodations at one of the leading hotels and were informed that there was nothing doing. At another, we less modestly put in a requisition and were assigned a rather unconventional suite, an unusually large and simply furnished, but well lighted room, with a pleasant alcove and bed and a nice bath—a traveling salesman's boudoir, on the top floor above the dust and noise of the street. It was the last room, "with or without," in the house, and we got it. Our day's travel was 245 miles.

We remained the following forenoon in Topeka, primarily to meet another "Lisle boy" who also made Cheyenne his first western objective, but eventually entered upon the practice of law in Kansas—in later years at Topeka. After a call at his home and a little visit, brief, but sufficient to quicken the memories of old associations, the Pilot and Observer were on their way again, over an incidentless and not particularly interesting road to the Missouri river, crossing

A LONG TRAIL

which, we were in Kansas City, Missouri, by 5 o'clock, after a little drive of 82 miles.

WINNING CALIFORNIA

Edwin Bryant whose trail (or the place where he left it when he passed that way in June, 1846), we crossed west of Hastings, Nebraska, was embarked upon a great adventure, which he had fairly entered upon at Independence, Missouri. That was the last white settlement he was to see, other than a few fur-trading stations, widely scattered, for the trading of merchandize for peltry from the few white and many Indian trappers and hunters, over a strip of country 2,000 miles wide, as it was traveled.

Independence, Missouri, now somewhat of a city, was then a small outfitting settlement on the Santa Fe trail and also, for the trail across the plains and over the mountains to Northern California and to the Oregon country. So much of an adventure were the overland trips considered to be that, so we are told, "the Masonic lodges commemorated the departure of their brother Masons, connected with the Santa Fe and emigrating parties, by a public procession and

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

an address and other religious exercises. The lady Masons, that is the wives of the members of the fraternity, walked in the procession to and from the church."

The Bryant party left Independence May 5th, 1846, and traveled westward and to the northwest through eastern Iowa and western Nebraska, over much of the same country the Pilot and the Observer have been driving through. Where they found unimproved trails, rude ferries operated by Indians and more or less dangerous or difficult fords in crossing the streams, we found good roads, easy grades and fine bridges; and the whole vast expanse over which they slowly progressed until the following September was without the pale of civilization.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the war with Mexico had been on about a week when the Bryant party set out, and that they arrived in California in time to participate in the American uprising there against the Mexican authorities and serve under Fremont in the local military preliminaries which were followed, in 1848, by the cession of Northern California to the United States. And late

A LONG BRIDGE

in that year the gold placers of California were discovered.

A BRIDGE TO THE MOON

In 1859, thirteen years after Bryant, Horace Greeley undertook the overland journey which carried him through Denver, Colorado, at the stage in its history to which we referred in connection with our visit to that city. Already the construction of an overland railroad to the coast was being urged—principally by Greeley, to be sure, for he had the vision and others had not. In fact, the building of such a road was scoffed at and likened to building "a tunnel under the Atlantic or a bridge to the moon."

Greeley's starting point, by the Pike's Peak stage, was Leavenworth, Kansas; but he passed through Topeka, Manhattan, Fort Riley and Junction City, which was the last settlement until he reached Denver, all of which towns, with the exception of Leavenworth, we visited in the course of our drive through Kansas. The Bryant party was four months in covering the 2,091 miles from Independence, Missouri, to "Sutter's Fort," 200 miles from San Francisco, California. The Pilot drove his "Franklin"

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

2,163 miles between the Dudley creek bridge at Lisle, N. Y., and Cheyenne, Wyoming, in ten days, and the "record" time between coast and coast is but about half as much more.

There are more than half a dozen transcontinental railroad lines in fact across the United States alone, instead of Horace Greeley's projected one. The Great American Desert has been corralled somewhere down in Colorado, but irrigation and cultivation are eating into the edges of it so rapidly that it is growing difficult to locate its boundaries. The adventurers, the venturesome, the home seekers and the home builders have worked a great transformation.

IN "OLD MISERY"

But we had arrived at Kansas City, Missouri. This city with a population of 282,000, is the second largest in the state; and is separated by the state line only from Kansas City, Kansas, which, with 94,000 population, is the largest city in Kansas. Kansas City, Missouri, is a great railroad center and has a Union Station, the main building of which is 510 feet long and 150 feet wide, and cost \$6,000,000.

A WALLOWING STRUGGLE

Following a friendly "tip," we sought accommodations for the night in Kansas City at a recently constructed hotel, conveniently located, and with so narrow a frontage, that its street elevation was about like a slice of bread standing on edge to the height of five or six stories; but it offered guests always an outside room with bath and at a uniform price which was attractive. Of course "our" hotel was not the Muehlebach, "but it was near it, very near it."

About 8 o'clock, Sunday morning, September 15th, we crossed the Missouri and started out over the Jefferson highway, a north and south trail commonly called the "Blue J" because of its marking, a capital J in blue. Our first objective was Chillicothe, Livingston county, Missouri, where the Blue J crosses the Pike's Peak Ocean to Ocean highway, over which we purposed to travel to Hannibal, the boyhood home of Mark Twain.

The early morning hour was a threatening one, and the weather man devoted the balance of the day to putting the threat into execution. Just before we reached Excelsior Springs, a popular resort 15 miles out

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

from Kansas City, we drove into the wet area and followed the storm into Chillicothe. After taking on gas we started out again, over the Pike's Peak trail for the east and got into a wallowing struggle through Missouri mud, without respite, until late in the afternoon when we reached Brookfield in Linn county, housed our car and found hotel accommodations for the night.

After waiting the following morning until about 10:30 to give the day a chance to declare itself and the road a time to settle a bit if it would, the Pilot again took the wheel and brought the car about in the mud.

A few miles out from Brookfield, we came to a camp by the roadside where a tourist with his wife and child had pitched their tent and prepared to wait for the sun. Dressed in khaki for roughing it, the head of the party approached us, tall, straight, black-haired and bare-headed, his rifle leaning against a tree near by. With all the surrounding elements in harmony with the fancy, (save only, the car), one might well imagine a return to the days of Crockett or Boone. The gentleman and his family had been touring across the country, living

HANNIBAL

largely in the open, and were returning to the Pacific coast, expecting to spend the winter at Long Beach, California.

At the end of eight hours and 73 miles of experience calculated to thoroughly test every fiber and bit of metal in the car and the physical and moral fiber of its driver, to the utmost, we stopped at Shelbyville, Shelby county, for the night.

MARK TWAIN'S TOWN

On Tuesday morning, the road before us was reported to be still as bad or worse than that we had just negotiated; and the Pilot set his course over a detour by Shelbyville and Palmyra, out of which, after 28 miles of mud and some passible gravel, we enjoyed a piece of highway into Hannibal which, by comparison, seemed "perfectly heavenly."

Arriving at Hannibal about noon, the Pilot first made arrangements to have the car given a much needed bath to avoid carrying a small sized Missouri farm over into the neighboring state, after which, a lunch for ourselves.

Hannibal is a city of about 21,000 people. For the stranger to the city

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

but not to literature, the one thing which fixes it in his recollection is the fact that it was the home of Mark Twain in his boyhood; and that it and its immediate surroundings have furnished the background and stage setting for some of the most interesting work of Mark Twain's pen. The town goes strong on the author of the story about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. It has preserved Mark Twain's home, Mark Twain's Cave; there is a Mark Twain Hotel, a Mark Twain route from Chicago to Kansas City, and, in statue, the author looks down upon the stranger as he walks the principal street.

Early in the afternoon we left Hannibal and Missouri behind, crossed the Mississippi and again essayed the Pike's Peak trail to the east across Illinois. The rain belt had extended over this territory and the roads were yet far from good, but there was an occasional breathing spell between those stretches which were altogether bad, and that was an improvement upon our experience in Old Misery.

CROSSING ILLINOIS

The afternoon had progressed into the long shadows when we followed

ILLINOIS AGAIN

the trail down to a little collection of about a dozen houses and a small bunch of people on the map as Valley, where we found the Illinois river and no bridge. A simple little ferry scow here, guided by a fixed steel cable across the river and nosed across by a motor boat, served to get us over very nicely. Business was dull because of the protracted rain; but, so the ferryman said, ordinarily, during the tourist season, 30 or 40 cars are put across each day.

We drove on to Jacksonville, Morgan county, that evening and at 10 o'clock, housed the car, ate oysters at what was apparently a reformed saloon; and found excellent accommodations for ourselves for the night. The day's mileage was 145.

On Wednesday we continued our journey, driving through Springfield, the State Capital, without stopping, at about 10:30 in the morning; in the afternoon passed through Decatur, Macon county, Tuscola, Douglas county, and arrived at Chrisman, a town of about 1,200 population in Edgar county, where we stopped for the night after 146 miles of almost constant struggle with the mud, outside the

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

towns and a piece of concrete going into Chrisman.

On Thursday morning a little before 10 o'clock we left Chrisman, in a rain storm, but our curtains were in place and there was a good, hard, gravel road for the wheels of the car to work on, and who should worry!

WITH THE HOOSIERS

We had arrived in Indianapolis by noon and remained perhaps two hours in that prosperous city of 260,000 population, a city full of people and things of interest; but at the same time a city so thoroughly well known that general observations are not called for. Something that particularly appealed to the Pilot and the Observer after their road experience in Missouri and Illinois, was the pavement, macadam, brick and concrete, which extended out from the city into the country, in some directions many jolly miles.

Because of the pavements and the good condition generally, of Indiana's country roads, the drive to Richmond, Wayne county, was altogether enjoyable. Richmond is a rather handsome town of 24,000 people, not very many miles from the state line. We arrived

CENTRAL OHIO

at 6:30, were housed very satisfactorily, dined and yielded to the temptations of the movies across the street, beginning to feel again that our other name wasn't Mud. The day's drive had been increased to 178.

On Friday morning, September 26, at 9 o'clock, the Pilot took his car out on the National Old Trails road and was soon across the state line and rolling through Ohio. We passed through Springfield, Clark county at 11:30, directly leaving the National and following the Blue Grass way up to Marion, the county seat of Marion county, whence we drove over to Galion, in the southeast corner of Crawford county.

At Galion we took on gas and a line of conversation which later proved to be of some value to us. Because of it, instead of going over to Mansfield, Ohio, and thence up to Cleveland, a drive which we could not make without going far into the night, (and the alternative of stopping along the way did not appeal), we drove north from Galion through Crestline, Shelby and Plymouth to New Haven, Huron county; and then drove due east to Homer-ville in Medina county, and thence

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

north to Elyria, 25 miles from Cleveland.

A ROAD TO THE MOON

From Galion to New Haven the country roads were not of the best, but from New Haven east, the dirt road was varied by some long stretches of concrete over which we were running in the early evening, seemingly headed straight for the big, full moon which was directly in our path. Thus we came into Homerville, where we turned squarely to the north with but one instruction, "Just follow the pavement and it will take you right into Elyria." We did. It did.

And such a drive. Rushing through the silence of the night under the light of the full moon, past farms and farm houses, through small villages and towns, occasionally meeting and passing some late traveler hastening to his destination—a growing glow of approaching light and its sudden dimming; a sudden rush of air and sound, and then all still again but the purring of the engine and the crunching of the tires upon the sand on the pavement beneath us!

We arrived at Elyria at 9 o'clock,

HOMING

having covered 248 miles out of Richmond, Indiana.

THE LAST DAY'S DRIVE

On Saturday morning, September 21st., we were at Elyria, Ohio. On the following Monday morning the Observer must be at Lisle, N. Y. Between Elyria and Lisle were half a thousand uncertain miles. Between that Saturday and the following Monday intervened a "gasless Sunday," when the consumption of gasoline in pleasure cars was tabu, and were countless embarrassments accompanying enforced Sunday traveling.

With these facts and conditions in mind, we drove over to Cleveland, 25 miles, where the tanks and reservoirs were filled and the car given a good looking-over to reassure the Pilot that everything was all right and fit against a hard drive; all of which promised a long day and working overtime.

Immediately after lunch we were out on Euclid avenue retracing our drive of five weeks before. We had not proceeded far before we ran into a rain storm traveling along a wide path. In fact, although protected completely by the rain curtains, we rushed

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

over the pavements and milled along through the mud and rain almost continuously through Ohio, into Pennsylvania and though the then almost impossible detour east of Erie.

Then we drove into better conditions in New York, passed through Westfield and, shortly thereafter, into a night sometimes heavily clouded and dark, and then, again, bright under the light of the full moon glorious among the black clouds.

We early gained the paved way over which mile after mile was rolled off with monotonous ease. A change in the sounds borne on the air—a breaking of waves upon the shore—announced close proximity to Lake Erie; and we were within sight or sound of its waters into the suburbs of Buffalo becoming more and more congested until, just before reaching the city proper, opportunity offered for taking our bearings and getting off on the right track for a cross-state course.

And we were soon in the country again, under clearer skies, rapidly rolling off the miles on our eastward way. In Batavia, at midnight, a restaurant in which the lights were still burning for a party of city boys out

THE LAST DAY'S DRIVE

for a Sunday's fishing, provided us with coffee and a sandwich each—our first refreshments since leaving Cleveland—and we were off again. Soon we had reached, and were racing away from, the shadows of Caledonia, on through the Avons, over a detour into Canandaigua, through Geneva and Seneca Falls into Auburn where we arrived when the blackness of night was turning to the gray of morning.

SEEING THINGS

Directly we came out on the crest of a hill and, so it seemed, looked down upon the scene before us. The elevations about us were black shadows and the landscape was made up of dark masses unrelieved by detail. There were promontories jutting out from the shore which confined a little bay and appeared to terminate in a ragged headland standing in black relief against the larger body of water beyond. And the waters of the bay lay unrippled in the stillness of the early morning, not yet shimmering under the sunlight, but dully metallic as reflecting a hazy, colorless sky.

"Can this be Onondaga lake?" exclaimed the Observer.

"No, there is no lake here; you are

OVER BLAZED TRAILS

looking at the sky and clouds, man," answered the Pilot; and then he added, "but I never saw anything like that before." And probably, he was right.

It was 6:30, Sunday morning, September 22nd, when we drove into his garage at the Pilot's residence in Syracuse, New York, having covered 400 miles in one drive, since leaving Elyria, Ohio, Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. And thus was brought to a close a tour covering more than 4,700 miles, from the Dudley creek bridge in Lisle, New York, to the foot of Pike's Peak and a return to Syracuse, without an accident and with no engine or tire trouble of any kind on the way.





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